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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS'

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

MARJORIE CINTA, Editorial Assistant
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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, XLVIII

RECLAMATION OF THE DESERT

Painted

by

NILS HOGNER

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JUNE • 1942

A DOZEN ROSES AND A BALE OF HAY

How the biggest boardinghouse in the world, the New York Zoölogical Park, caters to the sometimes fastidious and sometimes strange appetites of animals from many lands

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT



A DOZEN roses, please, and a bale of hay." It hardly sounds like a grocery order, but those items will be found every day on the shopping list of the biggest boardinghouse in the world, the New York Zoölogical Park. Every day twenty-five hundred animals must be fed, and no housekeeper in the world has a more complicated problem. Some of the beasts and birds are as picky as a baby with a cold in the head. Some have an idea that they can eat only one thing, and they will sulk if they don't get it. Some want just a tiny bit of food, and others want bales. Some will guzzle anything they can get to their mouths and others will nose their food contemptuously while the keeper is watching, but gobble it quickly when his back is turned.

To Dr. Leonard J. Goss, who is the veterinarian at the Zoo, they are just so many children. He is the man they send for when a lion has a tummy-ache, or a giraffe has a sore throat, or when Alice, the dowager elephant, has an extra bad attack of rheumatism, or Pete, the big hippo, won't eat his hay. Dr. Goss nurses the animals when they're sick, and controls their diet so they won't get that way.

Rule One is to try to give the animal the same food it would eat if it were running wild in its native land. This is not always possible, either because the supply is not available, or because it is too expensive. Then substitutes must be found. The chemists analyze the animal's native food, and provide it with something that has the same values.

Photographs by courtesy of
the Bronx Zoological Society



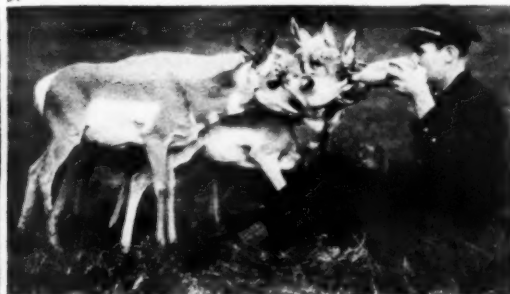
1.



2.



3.



1. THE LION WILL BEHAVE LIKE A BANK PRESIDENT ON A ROLLER COASTER, AT A WHIFF OF CATNIP

2. THE MARGAY, A WILD CAT OF SOUTH AMERICA, THRIVES ON MEAT, MILK, AND CODLIVER OIL

3. PRONGHORN ANTELOPE BABIES RELISH MILK OUT OF A BOTTLE WHEN A KEEPER FEEDS THEM

4. THE TWO-TOED SLOTH HARDLY EVER MOVES EXCEPT TO SHIFT SO HE MAY NIBBLE A LEAF

For example, there was the problem of the *Myrmecophaga tridactyla*, sometimes called the giant anteater. As may well be imagined from its name, this creature's preference in food is a nice dish of raw ants, or ant eggs, and in its native Brazil it was able to find plenty just by digging up ant hills. But to get enough ants to satisfy an anteater as big as a large dog was beyond the resources of the kitchens at the Zoo. So the cooks prepared a mixture of hamburger, canned milk, and tomatoes. You wouldn't think that when these were added together they would make ants, but it seems they do. The dish was placed before Miss Myrmecophaga and she sniffed it. There was nothing objectionable about the smell, she seemed to be remarking, but it wasn't ants. So she turned away.

Then came a fine example of the understanding of animal psychology, an everyday occurrence at the Zoo but always having for outsiders a little touch of sleight of hand. Since the anteater obviously was rejecting the mixture because it was unfamiliar, the average person would have thought that to humor her right then would only encourage her in holding out for more of her customary fare. Not so, the animal-wise Zoo attendants think. They tossed a handful of ant eggs into the cage, the lady recognized them, appreciated the friendly gesture, lapped up the eggs, felt she was among friends, and then ate the hamburger mixture enthusiastically. She is thriving on the diet, and now if you were to offer her an ant egg she would probably be insulted.

The fact is that animals just don't want changes in their food, and sometimes it has to be forced upon them, or disguised. Every now and then, for economic and other reasons, a switch is made from beef to horse meat, in feeding the lions, tigers, and their relatives. The first day they sniff and turn away, but hunger soon brings them back and they eat the strange meat, but without their usual gusto. Later, when the keepers again provide the original menu of beef, the protest is repeated and they want what they had yesterday, horse meat.

There is one cage whose inmates will accept no substitutes. All they ask of life is a bouquet of roses every twenty-four hours. These are the parasol ants, as strange a colony as ever Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars picked up in Trinidad. *Atta cephalotes* is what Dr. Ditmars calls them, and they raise their own mushrooms. Working only at night, for reasons best known to themselves, they cut semicircular pieces out of the rose petals. Each ant puts one of these pieces over his head, like a parasol, and takes it home. Then they all sit around and chew the rose leaves into a pulp, and this they make into little



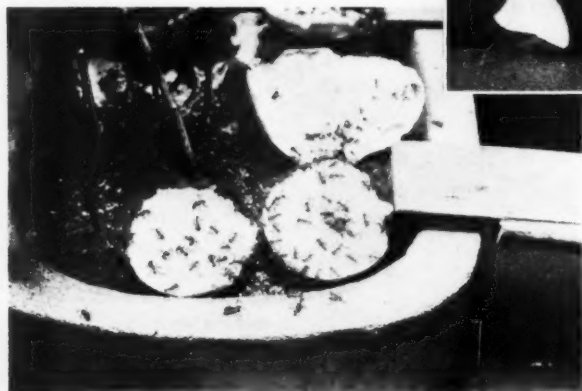
LEFT: A MIRROR IS A FASCINATING PLAYTHING TO THIS CURIOUS GORILLA. BELOW: ORANGUTANS AND CHIMPANZEES SIT DOWN TO A CHRISTMAS SPREAD WATCHED OVER BY THEIR FOND KEEPERS



LOWER: PETER, THE HIPPO, IS NOT IMPRESSED WITH HIS BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH CARROT CANDIES



LEFT: A DOZEN ROSES FOR THE PARASOL ANTS—NO OTHER DIET ACCEPTABLE! THE INSET PICTURE SHOWS AN ANT CARRYING HIS ROSE LEAF OVER HIS HEAD LIKE A PARASOL. THE LARGE PICTURE SHOWS ANTS TENDING THE GARDEN PLOTS WHERE THEY RAISE THEIR OWN MUSHROOMS

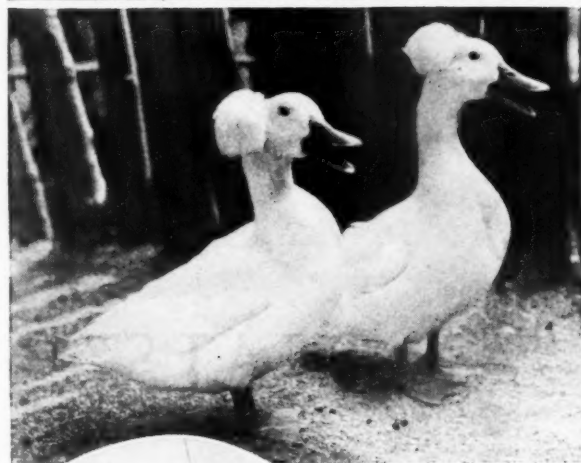


garden plots. In these plots they plant the spores of a tiny fungus, and when the fungus comes up they eat it. And that's all they do.

The queen of the colony always keeps an extra supply of these spores on hand, for the population of the colony grows at last to a point where some of the younger and more ambitious members think it would be nice to move out and start a new village of their own, where they could have more privacy and perhaps room for a two-car garage. So the queen gives a little handful of seed to the new queen the pioneers have elected, pats them on the head, tells them not to take any

BELOW: JOHN TEE-VAN OF THE ZOO'S STAFF WITH THE TWO BABY GIANT PANDAS WHICH TRAVELED WITH HIM FROM CHINA, PRESENTS FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK

BELOW, CENTER: POWDERPUFF DUCKS SEEM TO ENJOY QUACKING THEIR GREETINGS TO THE MANY CHILDREN WHO COME TO SEE THEM AT THE CHILDREN'S ZOO WHICH HOUSES FARM ANIMALS



LEFT: THE PRAYING MANTIS LIVES ON INSECTS. BELOW: THE GIANT ANT EATER HAS LEARNED TO LIKE HAMBURGER WITH MILK AND TOMATOES



THE BEARS ARE THE FIRST TO DEMAND BREAKFAST AT THE ZOO

wooden money and to drop in any time. The colonizers then find themselves another rosebush, and so it goes.

For some time after the parasol ants were brought to the Zoo, visitors had no opportunity to see them at work, as they harvested their rose leaves only at night. This was gradually remedied, however, by lighting their cage after dark, dimly at first and then with increasing brightness. This confused the ants, as they do not carry wrist watches, and finally they apparently lost all track of time and gathered roses whenever they were in the mood, to the great entertainment of spectators.

One of the greatest specialists in food is the panda, which wants nothing but bamboo shoots. Readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL will recall a series of pictures of Pandora, the glamour girl of the World's Fair in New York, licking the last drop of something from a dish—but that wasn't food, it was slightly sweetened water. Again, like almost all children, almost all animals like sugar, and it is occasionally given to them for the sake of their morale, or to coax them into good humor when they need a change in diet. But the panda, sugar or no sugar, demands bamboo shoots.

In its native China this was no problem at all, but in the New York Zoo it ran into money. Pandora finally compromised on tender sprouts of sugar cane plants, and went so far as to eat baby food and even gain weight on it. Her untimely death has never been explained, and the most exhaustive post-mortem examination showed no recognizable trace of any disease, or any organic trouble. Certainly there was no lack of nutrition. Neither did the broken-heart theory, so popular with newspaper reporters, seem to apply, for Pandora gave every sign of being perfectly happy. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese general, has sent two pandas to the Zoo, and arrangements have been made to have a constant supply of bamboo shoots on hand. A species of bamboo has been found which thrives in the States around the Gulf of Mexico, and it is the identical variety upon which the panda feeds in its native haunts.

But if you think the panda and the parasol ant are particular about what they eat, take a look at the hummingbird. In the outside world it merely sips the nectar from flowers. In captivity, however, the problem of feeding is not nearly so difficult as those presented by less dainty eaters. The hummingbirds at the New York Zoo are fed on honey and Mellin's Food. But these tiny birds are able to take their food only through the long bills with which nature has supplied them in order that they may sip from the very bottom of flowers, so their substitute diet is placed in long vials for their convenience.

In proportion to their size, however, hummingbirds are tremendous gluttons. They eat, or sip, almost constantly. A shipment of them was coming to the Zoo on one occasion, and was sent from the docks to the Bronx in a taxicab. When they arrived, one was dead and the others prostrated because they had had nothing to eat during the unloading from the ship and the trip uptown, a little more than an hour.

The prize glutton of the Zoo, at (Continued on page 42)



BOBO FRIEND TO "AMINALS"

RED ROSE TROOP always considered the month of June as its own. It was the time of roses, and the group of girls who had adopted the name of the fairest of flowers always felt they should do something about it. This year, as Betty's hay fever had turned up early, she begged that they do nothing too definitely floral this time.

"It ought to be something constructive, anyway," said Jane Burke, whose ideas were always definite and firmly put. "It ought to be something on a higher plane—something to do with the Laws, for instance."

"We can't just go around in a body doing that," Lillian objected. "We always *try* to live up to the Laws."

"Why not have a Friend-to-Animals Week?" Helen suggested. "We haven't had one for ages—and that would be very constructive."

Bobo Witherspoon, the youngest and by far the most upsetting Red Rose, wriggled closer, mouth and eyes open. "It would be very constructive indeed," she cried. "It would be simply lovely!"

"I doubt if you know what you're talking about, my dear," Jane said in her most mature tone. "Have you any suggestions?"

"We could feed mice," Bobo answered promptly and with

complete conviction. A roar of laughter swept her comrades.

"As if anybody wanted to do *that*!" Vera giggled. "Why, everybody tries to get rid of mice!"

"That's just the trouble," said Bobo earnestly. "The poor little things never get enough to eat. That's why they come into the kitchen. It isn't being a Friend to Aministrals to set traps for them."

"You mustn't take things so literally," Jane advised. "And surely you know it's *animals*, not *aminals*."

Bobo nodded. "It's just my mouth," she said. "My head knows. But I just seem to get started too fast, and then I say 'aminals.'"

"Well, don't," Jane counseled. "Now look," she proceeded, to the older group, "we must seek out humanitarian acts. For instance, if we see a man beating a horse—"

"Just try to find a horse!" laughed Red. "They're as scarce as hens' teeth!"

"—we should remonstrate with him gently," Jane continued, unperturbed.

"And have the man beat us instead of the horse," giggled Betty.

"Please don't be so frivolous," Jane begged. "If we see a dog with a can tied to its tail, we must catch it and—"

Although Bobo could mew like a kitten, neither she nor Red Rose Troop could foresee how that ability would help them celebrate a Friend-to-Animals Week

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

"And get a fine bite," Helen put in. "This is old stuff; Jane."

"I can mew like a kitten," said Bobo suddenly, "but I'm afraid that isn't very constructive."

"Not in the least," Jane assured her.

"Oh, do let's hear you!" proposed Lillian.

Bobo, taking a long breath and pursing up her lips, emitted several plaintive meows which did indeed sound exactly like a small, unhappy kitten shut up in a closet. She was rewarded by laughter and applause from her sister Scouts.

"Why, that's cute, Bobo!" Red told her. "Do it again!"

"Imitations will not help us in deciding how to carry out our Friend-to-Animals Week," said Jane. "We simply must get on with our plans. Now I suggest that we all try, before the next meeting, to seize every opportunity for helping our dumb friends, and—"

"I have plenty of dumb friends," Red grinned, "but I doubt if they'd appreciate being helped in just the way Janey means."

Jane silenced her with her most majestic look, and went on, "—and report at the next meeting just how many friendly acts we've been able to do. Then we'll have a troop party to

feast arranged to satisfy them, they romped all over the Witherspoon larder and even penetrated to the dining room, shaking their tails and combing their whiskers—causing Bobo's mother first to emit a startled cry, and then to launch an investigation.

The result of the investigation was discouraging to Bobo. She wrote sadly at the top of her first day's record of Kind Acts to Dumb Friends, "*Feeding Mice. Failure.*"

But the second day dawned refreshingly unexplored ahead of her. "What a pity," Bobo told herself, in the monologue she frequently directed toward none but her own ears, "what a pity about these poor little birds! They flop out of the nest, or start learning to fly, and some cat gobbles them up."

More or less the same procedure that she had tried so unsuccessfully with the mice certainly ought to work with the cats. If they had other and more easily obtainable food, they would let the fledglings alone.

"And it would be doing an awfully Kind Act to the cats

Illustrated by MERLE REED



honor the girl who has done the most to improve the condition of animals in this town."

"Heigho," said Betty. "I feed my Scottie every day, as it is, and take him for at least half the walks he'd like to take."

"I don't mean personal pets, anyway," Jane said. "Of course we take good care of those. I mean abused animals, or creatures in distress."

"Like feeding mice," Bobo reminded her.

"NOT like feeding mice," Jane stated explosively.

BOBO still thought that this was a good idea to begin on. The Witherspoon pantry had recently been plagued by a number of these small visitors, and the cook had set some traps—none of which had succeeded in doing anything except to bite Bobo's fingers when she reached after a cookie tin in the dark. How much better, she thought, to provide the mice with regular and appetizing meals of their own! Then it would follow that they would leave the Witherspoon groceries alone.

She lost no time in carrying out her theory as soon as she returned from the Red Rose meeting. She arranged a tempting platter—about a quarter pound of Mr. Witherspoon's favorite imported cheese, some shelled pecans the cook had been saving for a special cake, and a goodly sprinkling of apple seeds, which Bobo understood mice liked. They did. The original vanguard called in their brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, grandparents, and in-laws to the twenty-fifth generation. Soon polishing off the special

as well as to the birds!" Bobo decided, reassuring herself.

The top of all three quarts of Witherspoon milk and a pound of beef liver bought out of her own allowance would undoubtedly lure the prowling felines away from their undesirable hunting. Bobo set the saucers in strategic places—under the elm tree where the orioles were trying to bring up their family, and at the foot of the crab apple where the robins were busy with theirs.

The cats responded magnificently. Not only the neighboring tabby and tiger and tortoise-shell pounced gladly upon the unexpected treat, but a totally strange yellow animal, a dirty white tom, and several assorted black-and-white vagabonds put in a mysterious appearance—and there were free fights as well as free lunch in the Witherspoon yard. Indeed, the cats howled separately and in unison all night under the window of Bobo's father—and, in the morning, the next door tiger had the effrontery to walk in boldly and deposit a young robin on the Witherspoon doormat.

Bobo, to whom another investigation had brought saddening results, wrote shakily at the head of the second day's record, "*Luring Cats away from Birds. Failure.*"

When Mrs. Witherspoon understood just what lay at the bottom of the undesirable influx of animal life, she grew a little more lenient. "I'm afraid it's your methods that are at fault, dear," she soothed her depressed daughter. "I see that your intentions are wonderful. Why don't you keep your eyes open as you walk about? You might be able to help some little creature—even if it was only a June bug."

June bugs seemed unimpressive game to one who wished to succor the entire animal kingdom. "I can mew like a kitten," Bobo said hopefully.

"I know you can, dear," agreed Mrs. Witherspoon. This parlor trick of Bobo's was only too well known to her family. "But I think we've had quite enough caterwauling here for a while. Daddy thinks—"

"I know what Daddy thinks," said Bobo gloomily. Her gloom continued to envelop her as she set out for a solitary walk. June bugs, forsooth!

"All *they* do," reflected Bobo, "is to crawl in under the screen door and buzzle around the lamps. The only way to help them, would be to put them out—and then they'd crawl back, and I'd do it all over again. They'd crawl back—" The chant, she found, made a pleasing rhythm for hopping over cracks in the sidewalk. "*Crawl back—do it again; crawl back—do it again!*" Bobo was hypnotizing herself. She had almost forgotten that what she had come forth to seek was nothing less than a horse.

The extremes of size between this and a June bug were impressive, at least. Bobo took her way by quiet lanes that were half country, and where she thought success might be most easily achieved. But her quest yielded no living thing of any sort or size. Had she been in Jane Burke's class at school, she might have cried, with Richard III, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" As it was, she merely

She was longer getting home than she had been in walking out toward the country, because she had as many bruises as there had been stones. Immediately upon her return—even before privately hunting up the witch-hazel bottle—she inscribed in her record of humanitarian deeds, "*Calf. Ungateful.*"

"Everything," said Mr. Witherspoon at breakfast next morning, "seems to have returned to normal around here. Or did you set all those cats to eating up all those mice?"

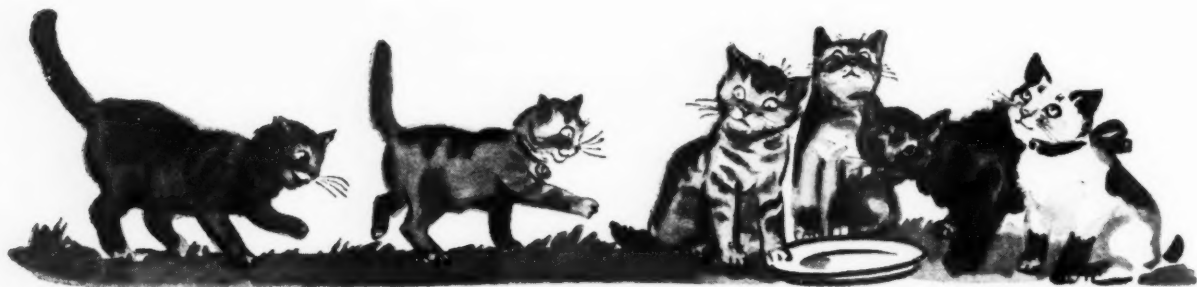
Bobo, who was sitting rather stiffly on the edge of her chair, looked horrified. "Daddy!" she remonstrated. "How awful! I suppose you could call it being kind to the cats—but just think of the poor mice!"

"I've been thinking of them constantly," said Mrs. Witherspoon. "I believe I've coaxed the cook to stay, but it took all my art. I'm glad you took my hint about being kind to June bugs, dear."

"I wish I had," murmured Bobo into her cereal. "Oh, well, there *must* be just nice little tame things that a person could help. Like—like—" her face shone suddenly with a new inspiration.

"Like Mr. Bristle's dog!" she told herself as she made ready for school. "He never gets enough exercise, because poor Mr. Bristle is so old and gets so red in the face. That's the very thing!"

Early afternoon found her at Mr. Bristle's door. The old



grieved silently over so mechanized an age, and admired the green June landscape that stretched away from the outskirts of her little town.

Suddenly, her eye lighted with incredulous pleasure. She beheld with rapture an actual calf, tethered to a stake by the roadside in the neighborhood of a little farm. The calf had twined its rope several times around its knobby legs, was effectively hobbled, and was protesting by bawling dismally. Bobo responded like a knight of old to the cry of a fair damsel in distress.

"Nice bossy, poor little bossy, then!" she cooed encouragingly, taking the rope in one hand and the calf's hind leg in the other.

She had no time to say more, for the calf did one of the extraordinary bouncing acts at which calves excel. It shot up into the air, all four feet off the ground at once—turned around with a wiggle before it landed, and set off as though it had forgotten it was tethered. As a matter of fact, it wasn't; for, in some inexplicable way, the rope had come off the stake and was wrapped around Bobo's ankle instead.

It was amazing that so apparently small and young a creature could drag a middle-sized Girl Scout like Bobo over so many sharp stones. She wished most heartily that she had gone out after June bugs—and that some one would turn up ready to do a Kindly Act to Dumbbells. Fortunately, at this point, the calf went one side of a small tree and Bobo the other. Both of them stopped with some violence, and Bobo was able to disentangle herself and to tow the animal back to the stake and secure the rope with her best knot.

gentleman was busy, but he looked up from his papers to shake a finger at her.

"Well, well, Bobo," he greeted her. "What are you up to now? No wheedling anything out of me today. Up to my ears in business."

"I just want to be Useful to you, Mr. Bristle," Bobo explained. "It's about your dog. I thought you might like me to take him for a walk."

"Take my dog for a walk?" repeated the old gentleman. "Whatever put that into your head?"

"Oh, I just thought it would be a Kind Act to a Dumb Friend," Bobo told him earnestly. Mr. Bristle began to shake and grow red in the face in the odd way he so often had when Bobo talked to him.

"Well, well!" he chuckled. "Whichever one of us you mean, I expect he'd like a walk very much. Take him for a little stroll around the block. He's an old feller, you know—like me."

Mr. Bristle's dog was indeed elderly and stout, like his master. He waddled off at the end of his leash, quite content that Bobo should be accompanying him.

"The trouble with you is," said Bobo, "you don't get enough exercise. Poor Mr. Bristle can't run with you the way you'd like. Come on—come along, now, Hector!"—for this was actually the name of Mr. Bristle's dog.

Bobo galloped off in a manner that would have delighted the heart of any puppy. But poor old Hector, shocked and surprised, lumbered after her on his leash, his tongue out and his eyes fairly bulging with dismay. (Continued on page 39)

GOD'S GREENHOUSE

Alaska, which we think of as a land of ice and snow, is also the "land of the midnight sun," a paradise for flowers and crops of fine vegetables

By

ELLA WILSON HILL



Ordway's Photo Service

AGAINST A BACKDROP OF SNOW AND ICE, FORMED BY THE MENDENHALL GLACIER, BLUE LUPINES GROW IN A RICH PROFUSION OF COLOR. LEFT: OCEAN STEAMERS SAIL ALONG SEA-FILLED MOUNTAIN CANYONS



Alaska Steamship Company



THERE is a land under the Stars and Stripes that has such a wealth of luxuriant flora that it might well be called God's greenhouse. And I'm not speaking of the tropical section of Uncle Sam's domain, either, but of the Far North where miles of ice and snow blanket the sturdy seeds, bulbs, and roots for months of sunless winter. When the long night turns to the twenty-four hour day, however, the woods and fields and tundra, hugging the Arctic Circle, blossom forth with an abandon that always startled me when I lived there, for it seemed like a miracle each year that I watched it. I'm talking, of course, about that more than half-million square miles, America's last frontier, Alaska.

There isn't a snake of any kind, or a poison insect, in the whole of Alaska—the great pests in the northern jungles are mosquitoes. Though we know they are not disease carrying, we're just like you, we don't like them. We've learned how to protect ourselves against them, too. High leather boots;



Ordway's Photo Service

VIOLETS IN ALASKA GROW DOUBLE SIZE

breeches and coat or shirt of closely woven cloth or leather; a hat with a brim over which a circular veil is dropped and tucked under your shirt or coat collar; kid or leather gloves with no stitching on the back, for the proboscis of a female Alaskan mosquito is more slender than a needle's puncture—clad in these you are really protected. Then and only then can you enjoy hiking across miles of green, velvet-soft mosses, or blue valleys of forget-me-nots, Alaska's national flower.

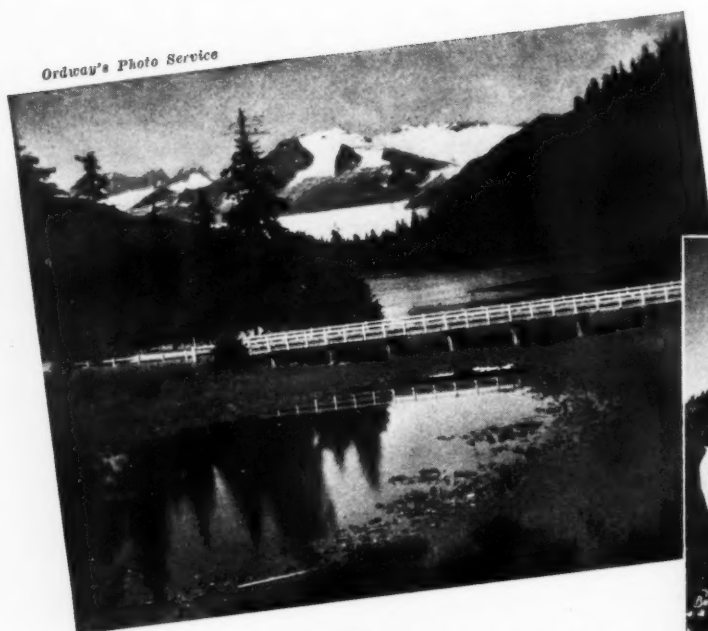
"I can't see you, E. C.," I said to my boy companion on one of my first jaunts off the beaten trails in summer.

"It's just a cloud of mosquitoes," he said. "Don't touch your veil, or they might get under it."

Actually the mosquitoes were so thick on my veil, searching for a hole through to my face, that for a few seconds they clouded my vision. But if you obey the rules of mosquito protection, you can explore some

astounding spots. I've waded through acres of bluebells, wild geraniums, and shooting stars. At Ruby, on the Yukon, I found an especially gorgeous thicket of wild roses with dark red blossoms three or more inches across. As far as forest fires sweep, just so far does nature heal the scars with fireweed, a glorious cerise miniature forest of solid blooms.

More than once I have come to a lake acres wide, and if



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LEFT: A VIEW OF MENDENHALL GLACIER FROM AUK LAKE. BELOW: A BUSINESS STREET IN JUNEAU, CAPITAL CITY OF ALASKA. THE TOWN NESTLES ON THE SHORE WITH RUGGED MOUNTAINS TOWERING ABOVE. NOTICE THE TOTEM POLES AND MODERN STREET SIGNS, WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES VALIANTLY FLYING

Photograph by Burton Holmes. From Ewing Galloway



I hadn't known it was a body of water, I never would have recognized it, for it was so covered with water lilies and their luxuriant pads that only by prodding with a stick could I tell there was water beneath.

BELOW: SO RICH IS ALASKA'S SOIL THAT IT IS NOT UNCOMMON FOR RHUBARB TO GROW AS TALL AS A MAN, AND FOR RUTABAGAS TO GROW LARGER THAN A MAN'S HEAD. AT FOOT OF PAGE: A GARDENER IN THE STATES WILL DREAM IN VAIN OF VEGETABLES LIKE THESE GROWN IN SEWARD

This lavish abandon of wild plant life stretches over thousands of miles, from Ketchikan in the southeastern part to a hundred miles above the Arctic Circle. Alaska has three general types of vegetation; the hemlock-spruce forests of the coasts, the spruce-birch forests of the interior, and the non-forested tundra and grasslands of the Arctic and Bering Sea slopes. But flowers grow even at Point Barrow on the Arctic Ocean. Most of the treeless section is well suited for grazing reindeer, as it abounds in lichens and the so called "reindeer moss."

In Fairbanks, south of the Arctic Circle, homemakers, old and young, have taken up the hobby of transplanting wild flowers to their yards. Of course, domestic flowers are seen everywhere in colorful display. I had a row of delphiniums that grew very fast, but one day a friend and I wandered over to Mr. Bernard Friss's delphinium garden and concluded that mine were dwarfs. We took a yardstick and measured his towering blue spires, with here and there a splash of pink, and found that most of them measured nine feet. A few shot above that mark.

Dean George W. Gasser, head of the Department of Agriculture of the University of Alaska, has conducted many experiments in domesticating wild plants. Dean Gasser gives lectures, free to all, on garden planting under local conditions, but there is one fact that he doesn't need to tell any experienced Fairbanks gardener. I learned about it in one of my early summers there. I was walking along the sidewalk on a hot July day and saw a girl I knew standing disconsolate in her garden.

"What in the world is the matter?" I asked, for my eyes had turned from her unhappy face under the big gardening



Three photographs above, courtesy of Alaska Steamship Company



Ordway's Photo Service

A PEACEFUL AND VERDANT SCENE NEAR JUNEAU.
BELOW: ALASKAN ANEMONES CARPET THE FIELDS



BELOW: THE AUTHOR SAW PANSIES INCASED
IN ICE AFTER A DRENCHING RAIN AND A
SUDDEN BELOW-ZERO DROP IN TEMPERATURE.
HERMETICALLY SEALED FOR THE WINTER, THE
PANSIES WERE STILL LOVELY THROUGH THEIR
CRYSTAL ENCLOSURES WHEN SPRING CAME

Alaska
Steamship
Company

hat to her flower borders, gorgeously colored the day before, but now a drooping, shriveled mass.

"It isn't as if I hadn't known better," she lamented. "It's just that it was ninety in the shade and I got too enthusiastic about watering my garden. But I should have stopped sprinkling the flowers as soon as the surface water from the well was drawn off. I knew the deeper glacial water would freeze them."

I stood there, looking at a garden that had been badly frost-bitten in that sweltering heat. Notwithstanding high temperatures and lavish floral growth, all through the sections of Alaska that have continued sub-zero weather in winter the ground is frozen solid two feet below the surface. This is not true of the cultivated ground. The more the ground is cultivated, the deeper it thaws. When we dig down and strike ice, we call it "hitting glacier."

Mr. Valentine Jacob, owner of large greenhouses and gardens in Fairbanks, told me, "Most of our ground reaches down a good seven feet before we hit glacier."

Our cellar in Fairbanks, where we kept our coal furnace, must have been completely surrounded by glacier; at least we proved that part of it was. We needed an icebox for the hot summer months, and one Saturday afternoon the head of the house made one with a permanent refrigerating plant—for nature helped him out. He cut a yard square from the wall of the cellar, sawed out a cubic yard of ice, inserted a well lined box to fit, and hinged on a door. That icebox never needed to be defrosted. In summer and winter alike it kept a temperature a little above freezing.

Down in the Matanuska Valley, where the United States Government Farm Project was started in 1935, ice and frost are not so plentiful. The famed Valley, situated at the head of Cook Inlet, is warmed by the Japanese Current; and during the three-months growing season, that one-hundred square miles of farm land averages twenty hours sunlight a day. Up to the present time the Matanuska colonists are too busy clearing land and harvesting (Continued on page 45)



Photograph by Burton Holmes. From Ewing Gallouay

WITH SNOW STILL ON THE MOUNTAINS, FLOWERS BLOSSOM
LAVISHLY IN ALASKAN DOORYARDS, YET IF ONE SHOULD
DIG FAR ENOUGH DOWN IN THE SOIL, ONE WOULD STRIKE
ICE, WHICH PEOPLE IN ALASKA CALL "HITTING GLACIER"

THE GRADUATION PLAQUE

Illustrated
by
EDWARD
CASWELL

THE Reverend Asa Mahan sat behind his desk in the president's room of Oberlin Hall and gazed at the four young ladies who faced him from the other side. He was a brave man, a man who would not have retreated before an army with banners; and he was also intellectual and aggressive, as any man would have to be, to be president of a college at the age of thirty-eight. Yet, for the first time in his two years of the presidency of Oberlin, he didn't know what to do, and he wasn't sure what to say, and he was in great doubt about an important decision.

The four young ladies, however, were in no doubt. They knew what they wanted and they intended to have it.

"We want to be admitted to the college as candidates for graduation," repeated little Mary Hosford.

Mr. Mahan stared at her helplessly. "It's never been done, Mary. No college in the country has ever awarded a degree to a woman. We'd be criticised."

Then, because he was a man of great honesty, he broke off. Into his mind came the words of John Shipherd, founder of the college, who had written in the first college circular, three years before, "It shall be one prominent object of the Collegiate Institute to elevate female character by bringing into the reach of the misjudged and neglected sex all the instructive privileges which have unreasonably distinguished the leading sex from theirs."

As if she were reading his mind, Mary Kellogg, her blonde head topping Mary Hosford's dark curls by a good five inches, pulled out of her flowered silk reticule a much creased and studied bit of printing, which turned out to be the very circular which Mr. Mahan was remembering. Bravely she held the marked paragraph under his eyes, and her slim finger pointed accusingly at the third line.

"All the instructive privileges," she read aloud. And like a well trained chorus the three other girls repeated emphatically, "All! All!"

Mr. Mahan looked up into Mary Kellogg's big blue eyes and knew that he must surrender. She had come from a little town in New York State, two years before, to take the college preparatory courses at Oberlin. He remembered the day her father had brought her.

"She wouldn't let me rest, she wouldn't let me sleep, she wouldn't let me eat until I brought her," the harassed man



had said. "I told her we had a good academy in Jamestown where she could study Latin—but no, she wanted to study Greek!"

Oberlin was the only place where girls were allowed to study Greek, so Mary Kellogg had given her father no peace until he promised to drive the two hundred miles, mostly over woods roads, from Jamestown to Oberlin. How could a mere man, thought the Reverend Asa, even if he were a college president, say "no" to such determination?

Caroline Mary Rudd spoke up eagerly. "You know, Professor Mahan, things are changing. This is 1837—and modern women are not content to lead such narrow lives any more. They want to know—and to do."

Elizabeth Prall added earnestly, "Think of the cook stove, Professor Mahan. Why, when you were young, Professor Mahan, who ever dreamed that women would have such a labor saving device as the cook stove?"

The aged man of thirty-eight did not deny this. His keen eyes glanced over the feminine heads in front of him, out the window and through the woods which surrounded the buildings of the Institute. Not far away, though out of sight, was the great tossing Lake Erie. Already steamboats were traveling up and down the Erie waters, and canals were making roadways between farms and cities. Yes, this was an exciting and changing time.

"Already a good many woman have stopped making their own soap and candles, and are buying them from the freight wagons," continued Elizabeth, clasping her hands.



JAMES FAIRCHILD, THE SENIOR, BEGAN HIS ON-SLAUGHT WITH A KNIFE AGAINST THE FLINTY BARK

"Everybody in Jamestown buys cloth from the cloth factories now," added Mary Kellogg. "Hardly anybody spins and weaves nowadays. Women don't have to spend all their time at home duties any more."

"So that's one reason why we thought we should have a chance to enroll in the Collegiate Institute as freshmen and candidates for graduation," Mary Hosford neatly summed up the eloquence of her friends. "May we, Professor Mahan?"

"Yes," said Professor Mahan meekly.

He sighed when the quartette had left his office. In his heart he was glad the four girls had insisted they should receive degrees, although the idea was so new it left him breathless. Most colleges in the country would not even admit women students. Oberlin had already taken a radical step in having a "Ladies Department" where girls could study and recite with the college classes in nearly all the courses.

"We'll be blamed for this," he muttered, reaching for his hat. Nevertheless his jaw took on a firm look, and the fighting light came into his eyes that his parishioners had known when he was a bold and fearless preacher back in Cincinnati. "Let them say what they will!" he said aloud, as he flung open the door and strode out under the golden leaves of the autumn beeches. Anyway, there was always the chance that the three Marys and Elizabeth might not finish the work which called for a degree.

MARY HOSFORD, Mary Kellogg, Caroline Mary Rudd, and Elizabeth Prall, however, had no doubts of the outcome, as they departed in triumph from the president's office.

"Just think, we'll be blazing a trail for all the girls in the

In 1837 college education for women was unheard of, but a group of girls at Oberlin pioneered against prejudice and became the first in America to earn college degrees

By MIRIAM E. MASON

country—and, in time, every girl who wants a higher education can get it," exulted Mary Kellogg.

"And we ourselves will be the first girls in the whole country to graduate from college," said Mary Hosford dreamily. "Think of it—the very first! My brother says I'll never be able to do it, just because I have a little trouble with mathematics."

"Caleb Fisher has trouble with mathematics, too," comforted Elizabeth. "And he's a man and can sing with a beautiful bass voice and is going to be a minister."

A warm rose flushed the round cheeks of little Mary Hosford, who already knew how well young Caleb Fisher could sing. He had been at the Hosford home for supper last Sunday night, and he had sung a number of songs while Mary played the accompaniments on her piano.

"Father thinks the college should invest some money in musical instruments, so it can have a department of music," said Mary. "But of course we can't expect such luxuries yet."

"I wouldn't be surprised if we had a music department by the time we graduate," said Caroline Mary Rudd, in a voice of wishful thinking. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we had at least two pianos within a year."

Elizabeth Prall added her special argument. "When you think of the cook stove—nearly everybody has a cook stove now and just takes it for granted. Some day, maybe, it'll be the same with pianos."

"You're such a dreamer, Betsy," said Mary Kellogg, and added teasingly, "I bet Mary Hosford hopes there won't be any pianos except hers in Oberlin village for a few years—as long as Caleb Fisher is in college anyhow."

"When he sings 'Asleep in the Deep' little quivers go up and down my backbone like lightning," admitted Mary Hosford. "And he helps me with my Greek, too." She appealed to her three dearest friends. "Don't you think it's nice for a minister's wife to know Greek?"

The four girls had been walking in a group under the trees of the wooded campus and around the stumps of the ones which had been cut down to provide lumber for the college buildings. Ahead of them, as they strolled, stood a long, narrow structure, a dormitory, among the stumps of the trees which had gone into its building.

"Ladies' Hall—isn't it a lovely place?" cried Caroline Mary Rudd, in her ringing voice.

"Some people think it's too luxurious, and will give the girls extravagant ideas," said Elizabeth. "But I think it's all right for them to have a fine place to live. When they leave college and go to homes of their own, they'll have the right standards."

The four freshmen looked admiringly at the building. There were twelve windows in a row, with a door between each two windows, and a little chimney arising from the peak behind each door. The sides, partitions, and ceilings of the building were made of beech slabs. Each room had its own stove, and a bed, a clothes press, and a table. Mary Hosford was the only one of the four who did not live at Ladies' Hall. The Hosfords were one of Oberlin's oldest families and Mary lived at home; they had come from Ver-

mont when she was still a little girl, playing with dolls.

"Why don't you girls all come home with me for supper?" she asked suddenly. "We ought to celebrate this occasion some way. We'll have something extra good—maybe a boiled currant pudding, or a meat pie."

"I think it would be more appropriate if you ate with us in Ladies' Hall, Mary," answered Elizabeth. "We all sit at the vegetable table, but likely we'll have rice pudding or baked apple tonight since the new term's just opening."

When Mary had accepted the invitation, she seated herself on a low stump in the yard of the dormitory. "Let's talk about the future, girls. It all seems so wonderful I can hardly believe it." Her three friends sat down, too, their eight feet ringed around the old stump like eight prim little pussy cats.

Elizabeth, gazing about at the buildings which surrounded Ladies' Hall, murmured dreamily, "I think we ought to have some sort of record—a plaque, perhaps."

"Is that something to wear on your skirt?" queried Mary Hosford.

"A plaque is a piece of bronze or something with things engraved on it—names of people and what they did to make them famous," explained Elizabeth.

"Like a tombstone?" asked Mary Hosford doubtfully.

"Well, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they'd engrave on our tombstones that we were the first girls ever to graduate from college," said Mary Kellogg gravely. "It's really terribly important. It'll mean so much to girls who aren't even born yet."

"I'm not really much interested in tombstones," admitted Mary Hosford. "At least not for a long time to come."

"But live people can have plaques," Mary Kellogg assured her. She sat upright with such suddenness that Caroline Mary, who was leaning against her, nearly fell backwards. "And why not a live plaque?"

"On one of the trees," cried Elizabeth, her eyes glowing. "We'll pick out a good big tree—a beech tree—and we'll carve our names and the date on it. Maybe in years to come, when our grandchildren walk through this woods, they will look at the tree and say, 'Those women were our grandmothers, and they were the first females to graduate from college in the whole country.'"

"Let's carve our plaque on that big beech tree down at the south end," said Caroline Mary. "I mean the tree we used to sit under when we studied our preparatory lessons and talked about the possibility of persuading the college to let us graduate."

Elizabeth, the oldest of the four, was delegated to borrow knives from the kitchen of Ladies' Hall. She returned shortly with two case knives, a nicked butcher knife, and a quill sharpener.

"We'll carve the names facing Tappan Hall," planned Mary Kellogg as the girls set out. Tappan Hall, a dormitory for men, was one of the newest, and quite the finest of the college buildings, brick and very elegant. It had ninety rooms. Every male student in the college wanted to room in Tappan Hall.

"All the boys in Tappan will have to walk past our plaque when they go to class in Oberlin Hall," said Mary Hosford. "Maybe they won't like it, but it will do them good. They'll see that women do have some brains, after all, and that they can graduate, the same as men do." She added, "The Hosford family runs to boys, and I imagine all my grandchildren will be boys. When they walk past this plaque, they'll point to it and say, 'My grandmother was a woman—but she had enough wits to do college work and get recognition for it, too.'"

"By the time your grandsons are in college, women will be doing lots of things," prophesied Elizabeth, sharpening her knife on a rock at the foot of the tree. "They may even be making speeches to mixed audiences!"

"Women in England are already allowed to make addresses," she went on. "Strange that in America, so liberty loving, they aren't allowed to speak in public. Why shouldn't we have as good a right to speak in public as the Queen of England?" She stabbed savagely at the beech tree.

A mocking peal of masculine laughter rose at this sentiment, startling the girls so they almost dropped their weapons.

"Why shouldn't my pet tabby have as good a right to navigate an Erie steamboat as my father does?" demanded the falsetto voice of Miles Bancroft, rising from a mossy glade where he had been sitting, unseen by the girls, with several of the young men from Tappan Hall.

"And why should my mother's pet hen not be allowed to play the piano and sing as well as Mary Hosford?" demanded young Tom Kedzie.

Dick Fisher teased, "If Elizabeth Prall can come to college and read Greek, pray tell me why my little sister's doll should not be allowed the same privilege?"

(Continued on page 32)



HE WAS A BRAVE MAN, YET FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS TWO YEARS AS PRESIDENT, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, OR TO SAY

Bugles FOR HAWAII

By
WINIFRED GRAHAM HAMMOND



MEMBERS OF THIS TROOP WASHED ALL THE DISHES USED IN SERVING ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE FOR OVER TWO WEEKS. LEFT: TWO SCOUTS CHECK THE ITEMS IN A FIRST-AID KIT WITH THE LIST IN THEIR GIRL SCOUT HANDBOOK



Photographs
by the
AUTHOR



OFF TO HOSPITALS WITH CANS OF COOKIES THEY MADE THEMSELVES. THE CONTAINERS ARE COVERED WITH NATIVE HAWAIIAN TAPA CLOTH



WE WANT to help," said the leader of a patrol of six Girl Scouts to the school principal.

The day was warm and many of the houses near the school—temporarily taken for a defense station—were standing shoulder-deep in masses of huge double poinsettias. The sun was shining, but the faces of people did not look bright. They appeared strained and worried. It was December 8, 1941.

The day before, Honolulu had awakened to the sound of guns, bombs, and radios blaring, "This Island is being attacked. Keep calm and stay off the streets."

This second morning the radio was silent, to guard against

more Jap planes gliding in from the Pacific on the radio beam. Many people had slept in their clothes all night, ready to jump up at a moment's notice. The few people who were on the streets hurried along, eyeing each other suspiciously.

The principal looked at the six Girl Scouts in their fresh white uniforms and red ties. They seemed young and small, and there was so much to do. The refugees who were bombed out of their homes the day before must be clothed and fed. The policemen and volunteer guards who had patrolled the streets all day and night were hungry, too. Another attack might start any minute, and more refugees and wounded arrive.

"We certainly need help," the principal said, "if you want to work."

"It was one of the finest things I ever saw happen," the principal said to me afterward. "They helped cook, serve, wash dishes, and scrub rooms and furniture. They looked after babies and ran errands. The second day nine Girl Scouts came. They were good workers and knew how to go ahead. They served in shifts, eight or nine hours each. There was no fooling. They worked hard."

"How did you happen to go to that school?" I asked Dorothy, the fourteen-year-old patrol leader. "Did one of the teachers or Girl Scout leaders send for you?"

Dorothy, a modest little American-Japanese, was so shy she could hardly answer. "Oh, one of the neighbors told us they needed help, so we just went over."

Dorothy and her patrol of Japanese, Chinese, and Hawaiian girls—typical of Hawaii's melting-pot population, but loyal Americans every one—were not the only Girl Scouts who helped during the first disturbing week of December and the months that have followed. (Continued on page 46)

FIREFLIES

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ



IT ALL began with our New England vacation. We were packing the car to go when my husband said emphatically, "Now, this year, we are not going to take a single tin can!"

"Not one?" I asked in astonishment. "Not even one?"

"No, not one!"

He looked around our tiny house and our tiny, pocket-handkerchief lawn. "We haven't room to plant another thing," he said. He looked at our white birch trees growing nicely. They had as many as four leaves on them! We had brought those from Vermont. There were cacti close to the porch where it never rained—those had come from Arizona. Our white trillium was found in a dense wood in West Virginia, and the bulbs of the snowdrops came from London. (We wonder what the street looks like now where we bought them.) There is a tiny Kenilworth ivy vine with our house fern, the seed of which we had gathered on Oxford's gray walls. Oh, we could go all around our little house, outside and in, and say, "Do you remember where we got this? And that? And that?"

But this vacation—no tin cans! It would certainly be a different kind of a vacation.

It was. We spent some of it hunting for tin cans, to get just the size we wanted. For when we left the northern lake in New Hampshire where we had spent our vacation, we carried away with us half a hundred pets.

These pets were glowworms. Along the cinder path—the last trace of a railroad which once had wound along the edge of Lake Winnepesaukee—we had found them at evening, the tiny lamps in their tails giving away their presence. Each one was not much longer than a half inch, and we found them fairly easy to take care of. They were fond of meat—dead crickets and "round steak," a more appetizing name for dead angleworms.

When we arrived home with our glowworms, my husband



ABOVE AND AT RIGHT: TWO VIEWS, MANY TIMES ENLARGED, OF "PHOTURIS PENNSYLVANICA," THE FIREFLY

made them a nice park for the winter in a large tin pan, which he kept in a cool room in the cellar. He filled the pan half full of dirt, and put moss and sod on the top. He fed them "round steak" whenever they seemed to need it, but they were not eating so much now as when we first acquired them in August. We called them the "Little Folks," and rarely did we go to bed without first going down cellar to see that the Little Folks were all right.

As winter came on, they dug down into the earth, but if you lifted a patch of moss, or a grass clump, you could usually see some of them, at least underneath. They lighted their tail lamps in greeting.

We were looking forward to the spring and the changes it would bring. For glowworms, at least the kind we had, do not remain glowworms forever. This is only the larva stage of what will develop into the firefly.

On various occasions we had observed some of nature's transitions. We had seen fat green caterpillars spin themselves brown cocoons, and we had watched them emerge the following summer as beautiful moths. We had seen the seventeen-year locust change from a brown armored creature of the earth into one with white wings and red eyes—to turn again in a few hours into the familiar black-winged locust with the high-pitched note. Now we hoped to observe the transition of the glowworm into the firefly.

During the winter our guests did not eat. They slept, I suppose, for the most part, unless



CENTER VIEW: THE PUPA OF A FIREFLY ABOUT TO SHED ITS WHITE COAT. ON EITHER SIDE: DORSAL AND VENTRAL VIEWS OF A GLOWWORM



we disturbed them, though occasionally one or two would emerge and take a little exercise around their pan park.

But when spring came, they no longer stayed together in groups under the moss, or the clumps of sod. They became restless and spent the night walking around the walls of their park. Evidently the time for metamorphosis had come.

They began digging themselves houses, little round holes in the ground, no deeper than you would make if you thrust the tip of your middle finger into the earth, stopping before your fingernail was out of sight. In some instances the glowworms roofed these holes over with particles of earth, grain upon grain. When we went to look at the Little Folks, we could often see a light shining in their houses, light which filtered out between the grains of dirt which made the roofs.

Now this was a problem. How were we going to watch the glowworms change into fireflies if they kept themselves hidden from sight under their dirt roofs? True, at the start we removed a roof of a single house, now and then, to look in on the curled occupant, but the next morning we would find the hole re-covered.

It chanced, however, that my husband had put some bits of oak bark in the pan, as hiding places for the Little Folks, and he noticed that the glowworms seemed to play with the bark, moving the pieces about.

Then we found that they sometimes dug their holes underneath a piece of bark, plastering the underside of the bark with the grains of dirt. That was fine! Now everybody was satisfied. We could see the Little Folks whenever we chose. We simply lifted the roof off with a pair of tweezers, looked at the occupant, and put it back.

But the pan was too large to have near at hand to study their behavior. So we filled some jelly tumblers half full of earth and put three glowworms into each jar, which we covered with a perforated lid. We put one or two half-inch pieces of oak bark in each jar. Soon we found the glowworms

Nature exploration is a rewarding hobby. Here a favorite "American Girl" author tells how she brought up families of glowworms and fireflies by hand and what she observed about their habits

excavating their homes—some roofing over the top with dirt, others digging in under the bark. If the soil was dry, we could see their light through the chinks; but if the soil was wet, they plastered the roof so tight that no light could be seen.

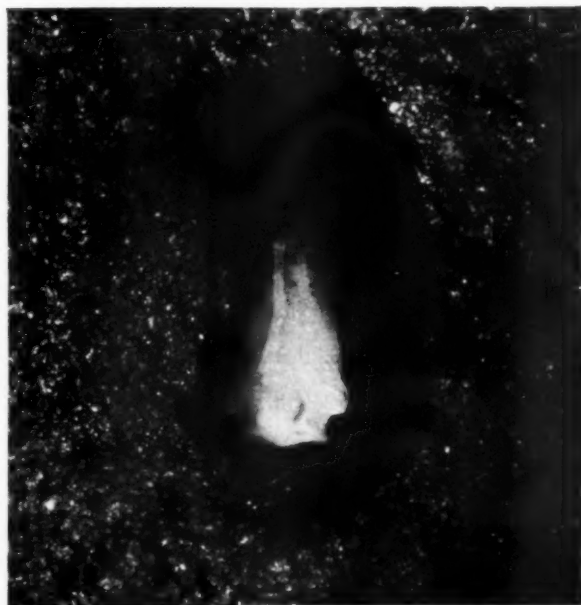
As the season advanced, we noticed a change in the Little Folks. They had slipped off their coats and were brown worms no longer. They were white worms now, lying on their backs on the brown, discarded coats. This is what the entomologist calls the pupa stage in development. They were luminous—sometimes the whole body seemed to glow from the radiance suffused from their "tail lights."

Time went on, and we knew they were preparing to shed their white coats, for there was a change in their appearance as though underneath those white, rather transparent coats, they were turning darker. Their wings, which were folded over their stomachs, appeared especially dark.

And then, morning after morning, we would find a firefly in one of the little houses where, the night before, the darkening pupa had been. The firefly seemed weak and tired, resting, as it were, after the great transition. Now it was clad in its final dress—brownish wings with yellow stripes, ruby throat, lights in the tail, and all.

Yet it seemed as though we would never be able to observe the actual transition, which apparently often occurred at night. Sometimes in the morning, when a glowworm appeared to be "darkening" and we knew the hour of change was nearly at hand, we would look in the jelly glass often. But still the transition would not take place while we were watching. But finally pa- (Continued on page 38)

Photographs by W. W. Coblenz



A FIREFLY PUPA, LUMINOUS WHITE, LYING IN ITS LITTLE HOUSE OF HOLLOWED-OUT EARTH

Trouble and Dilsey belonged together, so Aunt Marcia and Meg were not too surprised when that unpredictable redhead upset their plans

By MARY AVERY GLEN

WELL, we're going home, girls. It's been fun, but now I'm ready to leave," Aunt Marcia Merriam said, glancing around the living room of the summer cottage. Already it appeared deserted, now that the expressman had taken the trunks. "How does your eye feel, Meg, since you bathed it? Don't rub it, dear."

Meg dabbed at her oozy lashes with a damp handkerchief. "I could do without the way it feels. But I can stand it."

With a swift step Aunt Marcia crossed the room, and looked down intently at her niece. "You won't have to stand it long," she said. "It's evident that cinder isn't going to yield to home treatment. We won't wait for the four o'clock bus that connects with the boat. We'll go on the three o'clock bus. That'll give us an hour in Cutty's Point to find a doctor."

She turned to their guest, Dilsey Mercer, who hovered solicitously in the background, tall and red-headed, clad in a pink silk slip. "Hurry, Dilsey! Get your dress on. We'll have to count our minutes now."

"My pull-over sweater isn't dry yet, Aunt Marcia."

Miss Merriam paused, perplexed. "What do you mean, dear? How did it get wet?"

"It looked sort of dirty, so I washed it out in the bowl yesterday," Dilsey said uncomfortably. "I hung it up, but it doesn't seem to get dry."

"Of course it's not dry—in this salt air. Oh, Dilsey, why did you put it in water?" Aunt Marcia paused in sudden alarm. "That's the one that goes with your plaid skirt, isn't it?" She asked. "You've nothing but that to wear home. Why didn't you tell me before the trunks went? I could have taken something out. Where is the sweater?"

"In the back entry," Dilsey admitted. Although she hated to acknowledge her rashness in washing the sweater, for the last two hours—since the departure of the expressman—her own worry about it had been growing acute. She had been making quiet trips to the improvised clothesline to finger it.

For she knew something more, of which Aunt Marcia was still in ignorance. In the heat of yesterday afternoon, she had light-heartedly packed in her trunk the tan topcoat which completed her traveling suit, jumping to the careless conclusion that she wouldn't need it. So now, since the sweater was too damp to wear—and lacking even such a makeshift as the coat—with what was her upper half to be clothed? She couldn't board the boat in her pink slip.

Aunt Marcia carried the damp pull-over into the living room and hung it over a chair back in front of the log fire which still burned on the hearth. "The collar and sleeves are quite wet, Dilsey. You'd take your death if you put it on. We haven't a thing here for you—only our little bags with our night clothes. And there's no time to go to the village to buy anything."

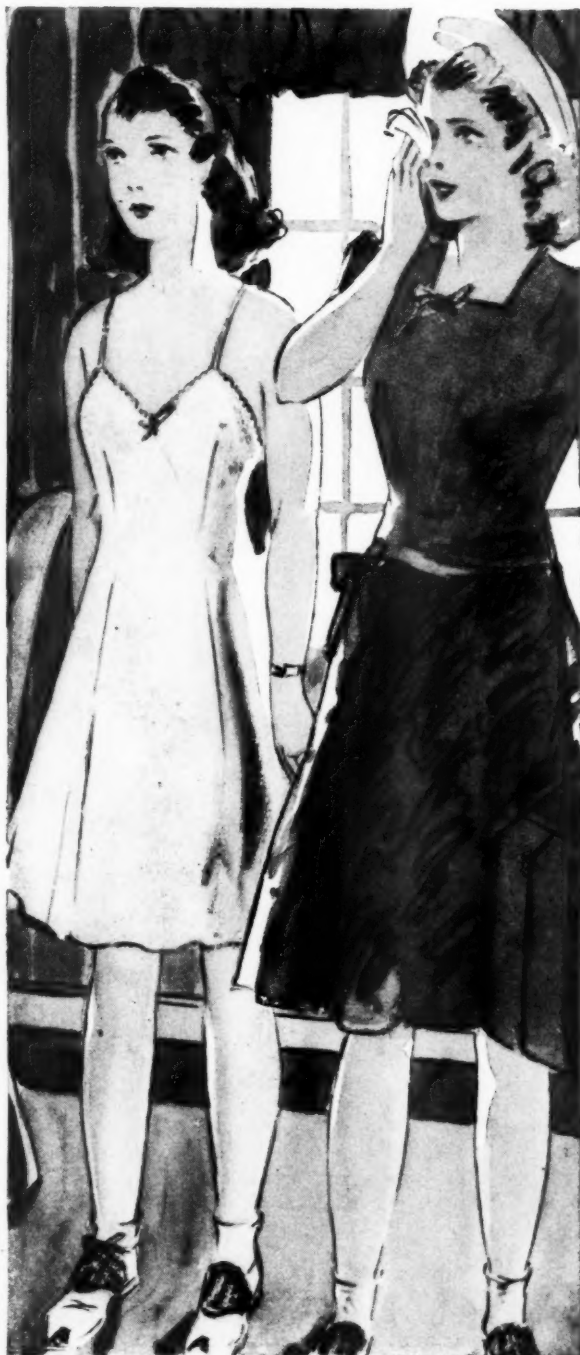
FIRE and



"BE SURE NOT TO MISS THAT BUS," AUNT MARCIA CAUTIONED DILSEY AS MEG HELD A HANDKERCHIEF TO HER STREAMING EYE

WATER

Illustrated by ROBB BEEBE



The distressed lady stood in the middle of the room, staring at the floor. Then, coming to a decision, she said, "Considering this new development, girls, we'd better change our plans again. Meg, you and I will take the three o'clock bus—we *must* attend to that eye. Dilsey, leave the sweater just where it is, and I'm confident that in an hour it will be dry, so you can take the four o'clock bus which connects with the boat. But be sure not to miss it. That boat is the only one which connects at New Bedford with the night boat which takes us down to New York."

"I looked over the schedule yesterday," Meg said, still mopping at her eye as she put on her hat. "There is a later boat which leaves Cutty's Point this afternoon, but it's no good. It misses the night boat at New Bedford."

She waved good-bye to Dilsey, clicking the screen door behind her as she stepped outside to peer half blindly up the road. Aunt Marcia gathered up her purse and overnight bag, but stood for a moment, hand on the doorknob, to regard her other charge with concern. "Don't try to close the cottage, Dilsey. Leave everything open. Just put on your hat and walk out. Susie will be over from the Inn as soon as you're gone, to tidy up for the new people. They're expected to-night, I believe. Oh, dear, I hate to leave you, child! If only Phyl were here. Then there'd be two of you. Well, remember, we'll meet you at the pier. And Dilsey, don't miss that bus!"

After the early bus had gone, a gloom seemed to settle over the formerly cheerful island cottage where Aunt Marcia and the girls had spent such a happy fortnight. Dilsey, depressed by the stillness, could hardly wait for the moment of her own departure. Aunt Marcia was right, she thought. If only Phyllis, Meg's older sister, could have been with her, everything would have been different. But Phyl was finishing out her vacation in Falmouth with the Kenyons.

Dilsey sighed and stepped to the fireplace to feel the sweater again—still damp, of course. Perhaps she could find something to read. Where were those magazines anyway? She looked hopefully around the living room and then sauntered through the bedrooms. But there were no magazines. She had forgotten that last night they had all been given to Susie. Well, nothing for it, apparently, but to twiddle her thumbs and wait. But no! On the floor were some old newspapers that had been under the trunks. And among them—good enough—there was a page of "funnies."

Dilsey gathered together the scattered sheets, carried them into the front room, and flopped down on the wicker settee under the casement windows. Her stubborn red hair fell forward around her ears as she chuckled over the comic strips and, having finished, turned the page for more extended reading. She was in luck. On the next page was an article about her favorite tennis star, and after that, an installment of a mystery story.

Ten, twenty, twenty-five minutes ticked by before Dilsey came to herself and started up in alarm to look at the clock. Nearly half-past three. She hurried to the hearth to feel the sweater. Yes, it was almost completely dry. Only the col-



DILSEY RAISED HER HEAD AND SNIFFED. "SMELLS LIKE COOKING," SHE THOUGHT

lar, which had been the wettest part, still remained damp. "The fire's going down," she thought. "I'd better put on another log." Well, if one log was good, two would be better! The wood was dry and the blaze roared up the chimney in a heartening sheet of flame. She pulled the chair closer and finally spread the sweater out on the face of the metal fire screen. "It'll be dry enough to put on in fifteen minutes," she assured herself.

The afternoon had turned cool, and to Dilsey, in her low-necked slip, the augmented heat was grateful. It was silly to have packed her topcoat. She glanced out of the windows toward the white chimneys of the Inn across the meadow, before settling down once more to the newspaper. The mystery tale was shaping up to an exciting point, and she was soon absorbed. In the story, the front stairs were creaking ominously under the tread of a sinister stranger, when she raised her head again and sniffed absently. "Smells like cooking," she thought. "And what's all this smoke?" Then, her eyes taking in the situation, with a groan of despair she leaped to the fireplace. Seizing the sweater, she jerked it out of range of the heat, but it was too late. A thick smudge was rising from it. The collar and front were scorched to a black, unwearable mass, and holes were already spreading through the smoldering wool.

With the smoking garment in her hand, Dilsey stood petrified. She had nothing else to put on. A vivid picture blazed before her mind's eye—the white, towering night boat on which Aunt Marcia had bought their reservations steaming majestically down to New York without them. For the bus

which caught the connecting boat at Cutty's Point was due to pass the cottage in ten minutes.

Rushing into the bathroom, she ran cold water over the smoking sweater, wrung it out, and returning to the living room, flung it on the floor. Then she turned and dashed through the bedrooms. With goose pimples of fright rising on her arms, she opened empty bureau drawers and forlornly inspected the empty closets. Perhaps some upper garment, no matter what, had been forgotten and left behind. But there was nothing. Aunt Marcia's packing had been too efficient.

Dilsey ran back to the living room. Nothing there, either! Only her overnight bag, closed and ready, standing on a chair. Though she knew its contents by heart, she flung it open. Bedroom slippers, comb and brush, toothbrush, a white toweling bathrobe, and at the bottom, her pink silk nightgown.

What about the nightgown? She held it up to look it over.

At least it had a top and sleeves. Perhaps she could tuck it into her skirt and wear it. But it was so long. Her mind was racing like a dynamo. Cut off the bottom, of course! She looked around for a pair of scissors—but there were no scissors, they had gone with the trunks. Not even a pair of manicure scissors—for she had forgotten to bring her own, and during the two weeks had been using Meg's. She tried to tear the silk, but it was tough and refused to start. So she set her teeth in it and bit savagely. At last she succeeded in making a little hole and, forcing her fingers into it, she managed to tear the thing across.

Before her bedroom mirror, pinned down in hasty pleats under her plaid skirt with safety pins snatched from her bag, the nightgown blouse did not look impossible. Of course the whole effect was sloppy, but at least it was *clothes*. She pulled her sport hat over her rumpled hair and hurried into the living room. On the floor lay the quenched sweater and what was left of the gown.

"Susie'll think we're crazy!" With nervous fingers she gathered up the debris and stooped to stuff it into the fire behind the backlog. But that one unnecessary act was her undoing. There was a sudden crunch of gravel in the road before the house and, straightening up, she was in time to see the Cutty's Point bus bowling by at full speed. She flew to the little porch and hallooed after it, but the bus rounded the corner and vanished from sight.

Dilsey was crushed. Like the hunted fox in the fable, she seemed to have exhausted the last of her tricks. However, there was one more thing she could (Continued on page 49)

The SKY-BLUE TRAILER

By CAROL RYRIE BRINK

Minty and Eggs find that county fairs are fun, and determine to protect Zip from the designing fortune-teller. They are puzzled by the behavior of a girl who calls herself "Wildcat"



MINTY FOLDED THE GREEN VELVETEEN SUIT CAREFULLY AND PACKED IT IN A LARGE BOX

PART TWO

MINTY sat in the midst of her packing, with her green velveteen suit on her lap. Ever since the Sparkes family had decided to hitch Zip's trailer to their car and go with him to the county fairs, Minty had been busy. There was washing and mending to be done, and many decisions as to what was essential baggage for a two-weeks trip. But when it came to deciding about the green velveteen suit, Minty had to sit down and think. As she thought, she stroked the softness of it with her fingers.

"I don't want to wear it before school starts," she said to herself, "because I want it to be real nice and fresh looking. But, on the other hand, if I left it here someone might break in and steal it, or the house might catch on fire and burn it up, or there might be a tornado and it would be buried under falling bricks." She really didn't think that any of these things would happen, but the truth of the matter was that she could not bear to have the green velveteen suit out of her sight—even for two weeks.

"Besides," she told herself conclusively, "there *might* be some occasion when I would need to wear it."

She folded it carefully, with tissue paper between the folds, and put it gently into its cardboard box. Yes, it must surely go with her in the trailer.

There was one other matter that lay heavily on Minty's mind. Joe Boles, the boy who had spent last winter with them in the Wisconsin woods, had promised to spend the coming winter with them in Minneapolis. He wanted to go to school, too, because he intended to be a doctor as his father had been. What if Joe should come before school started—and find them gone? The evening before their departure, Minty sat down at the kitchen table and wrote a letter:

"Sparkes's Book Nook
August 15

"Dear Joe:

"This is just to tell you where we are, Joe, in case you should come to the book shop and find us gone. We're

The Story So Far

After their experiences in "Winter Cottage," the Sparkes family settle down in Minneapolis. Pop opens a secondhand book store with his prize money, and they live over the shop. Minty persuades Pop to trade a set of Dickens for an ancient sewing machine and makes clothes for herself and Eggs, her masterpiece being a green velveteen suit to wear to high school, which is to open in two weeks. There is no cloud in Minty's sky—except her ever-present fear that Pop and Eggs may start roaming again. Her fears are realized when a stranger, describing himself as Zip, the Lightning Artist, arrives at the book shop, tells them his car has been smashed in an accident, and urges Pop to drive him and his trailer to the county fairs, where his "lightning art" is one of the attractions. He has no money, he says, until he can collect his insurance.

The trailer proves to be a marvelous affair, painted sky blue and decorated with garlands and landscapes. And inside it is fitted up with the most delightful gadgets. Zip urges all the family to go on the expedition and says Pop can sell books at the fairs to the farmers and their wives. Pop and Eggs are enchanted, and Minty finally consents, after extracting a promise from Pop to be back for the opening of school.

going in a trailer with a Lightning Artist named Zip, who paints pictures at county fairs. But we'll be back by the time school opens. At least, I hope we will. I guess you know how much I want to go to school regular like other

girls do, don't you, Joe?

"I thought maybe we might see you at the Riverview Fair, because that's near where you live. That's the second fair we're going to, Zip says, and we should be there in about a week. I would like to tell you about Zip now, but it would take too long. You will have to see him. I thought maybe you could have your things ready at Riverview and come back for the winter with us, like you said. Eggs says, tell Joe that Buster and me are lonely for him.

"Your friend,
"Minty Sparkes"

When she had finished her letter, Minty felt better about going away with Zip in the sky-blue trailer.

The next morning, while the milkmen were still making their early rounds and before the city traffic had started to move, the sky-blue trailer was on its way, bumping along behind the Sparkes's old car.

Pop sat in the driver's seat, as proud as a peacock, with Zip beside him. The girls and Buster occupied the back seat, and Eggs kept getting up on her knees to look out the rear-view window.

"It's still here!" she reported. "It's coming right along, just like Mary's lamb. See that woman staring at us from her window! I bet she thinks we're part of the circus, doesn't she, Zip?"

"You'll soon become accustomed to the sight of folks with their mouths open in astonishment, Sister. The trailer never ceases to surprise 'em. Never. That's one of the best things about it."

"I guess it's a good advertisement for your business, isn't it, Zip?"

"Yes, it is, but I figure that there's something more to it than that, too. Life is pretty monotonous for most folks—not for me. No, not for me. I've planned my life otherwise. But, by and large, folks go on doing the same thing every day in the same way all their lives. Most of them are just plain bored, and it's good for them to get a surprise once in a while. They'll stand and stare at this trailer as if it was the first surprising thing they ever saw in their lives—and, by George, they'll feel happier all day, and maybe for a week or two, because they've seen something they weren't expecting!"

"How far that little candle throws his beams," quoted Pop. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

"Pop, we're talking about trailers, not candles," corrected Eggs.

"It's all one and the same, Eglantine," said Pop, pressing his foot down on the accelerator. "All one and the same."

They were outside of the city now, and rolling along between clover fields. It was cool and dewy with the early freshness of a clear August morning. Later it would be hot, but, at this hour, the rays of the sun slanted across the fields, and the perfume of second-crop clover rose like incense in the morning air, filling it with a heady fragrance.

"TAKE A CHANCE ON SHAKESPEARE, FOLKS," CHANTED POP



Minty did not take part in the conversation, but she breathed in deeply. She looked about her and saw cows knee deep in grass, and bright splashes of flowers against weathered farmhouses, and in the midst of a level field an elm tree which was shaped like a bouquet. She relaxed against the seat, with Buster's head in her lap, and she thought happily that all *was* right with the world, after all.

It was nearly noon when they reached Ringo and their first county fair. For half an hour before they reached it, they had encountered a stream of traffic bound for the same destination. There were unhappy looking calves and pigs being jolted along in trucks; there were family cars filled with people in Sunday clothes, who carefully held jars of pickles or prize cakes on their laps. Everybody on the road stared at the trailer, and Minty could hear the children spelling out, "Zip, the Lightning Artist—what does that mean, Ma? Is it part of the fair?"

On the outskirts of the little town they saw a long fence of high white boards, too high for peepers or climbers; and presently they came to a gate, with turnstiles on either side of it and over it a black and white sign proclaiming:

CLOVER COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS

A man at the gate examined Zip's license for doing business and greeted him as an old friend. "Madame L'Enigma's been askin' for you, Zip."

"Tell her to forget it!"

"You got a different car."

"Yep. Meet my new partner, Charley Sparkes, the bibliophile."

"What's that?"

"Lightning Literature," said Zip airily. "It's something like Lightning Art. Give him a gem from the poets, Charley."

"Well," said Pop, a little taken aback by the suddenness of the demand, "all I can think of on the spur of the moment is—



THE RED-HEADED GIRL WAS WATCHING ZIP INTENTLY AS HE PAINTED

Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG

"All the world's a stage,
"And all the men and women merely players;
"They have their exits and their entrances—
"And one man in his time plays many parts."

"That's good enough," said Zip. "Don't give him too much—just a sample to whet his appetite."

"By gum, Zip," said the gatekeeper, "I always knew you was crazy, but now—darned if you ain't gone and got you a partner who's just as bad!"

"Crazy?" cried Pop indignantly. "My good man, we simply dwell in loftier regions."

"That's tellin' 'em," chuckled Zip. "Charley, we're going to make a team. Drive on in."

"Oh, there's a merry-go-round," cried Eggs. "What perfect bliss!"

The strains of *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*, ground out with a mechanical whirr, came to their ears from the merry-go-round; from the direction of the stock barns sounded the plaintive bellow of a homesick bull; the Bingo men were shouting for customers to come and try their luck at winning a nearly gen-u-wine Indian blanket. Eggs and Minty hugged each other excitedly, and Buster barked.

Zip began looking for a vacant space near the end of what he called the "Midway," for parking the trailer. The Midway was a sort of impromptu street, formed by lining up booths and concessions on either side of an open space.

Before finally selecting his camp site, Zip made sure that he was as far as possible from the tent of Madame L'Enigma, the fortuneteller.

"Zip, I b'lieve you're scared of her," cried Eggs.

"Am I ever!" said Zip. "In one of her trances, the spirits told her that her next husband would have wheels under him."

"Next?" repeated Eggs. "Has she had another husband?"

"Three," said Zip dolefully.

"What happened to them?"

"I don't know, Sister. They just melted away, like that pink cotton candy does on a hot day."

Eggs was interested. She walked down the Midway and examined the fortuneteller's tent. It was a gaudily striped and (it must be confessed) a very dirty tent. A sign outside the tent was made in the shape of an enormous hand, and crisscross upon the palm were mysterious lines labeled "Mount of Venus," "heart line," "fate line," and so forth. Beside the hand was a sign which said, "The Future Made Plain."

"Plain?" puzzled Eggs to herself.

She returned to the trailer with only side glances at the photos-while-you-wait tent, the boxing-match tent, the

shooting gallery, and the booth where you could throw baseballs at wooden bottles with the hope of knocking down enough of them to win a red plaster kewpie, or a bamboo cane. Even the side-show tent did not hold her long, although it displayed intriguing pictures of a three-legged chicken, a tattooed man, a snake charmer, and a two-headed calf (now deceased, but beautifully stuffed and mounted with four natural-as-life glass eyes). These things could be examined later. Just now she was still bothered by the affairs of Zip and Madame L'Enigma.

"Zip," she said, "if you let her marry your trailer and you, you could know all about the future. That ought to be worth something. Her sign says, 'The future made plain!'"

"Plain is right," said Zip. "It sounds very uninteresting to me to have all the mystery and the pleasure of not knowing what's around the next corner taken out of life."

Eggs thought this over. "That would be sort of awful, wouldn't it? I guess you're right, Zip. It's more fun not to know."

"And then there's the Madame herself," continued Zip. "Confidentially, Eglantine, the future would be plain with her in it, whether she read my palm or not. Now you run along, Sister, and help Minty get dinner while your Pop and I put up the tent. I've got to get at my painting."

Preparing dinner in the trailer was almost as much fun as seeing the fair. The girls divided their attention equally between the delights of frying potatoes or warming canned soup on the tiny electric stove, or taking ice cubes out of the polar-bear refrigerator, and gazing out of the window to see the merry-go-round and the crowd going by.

"Oh, Minty," cried Eggs, "listen to those noises—and smell that lovely dust and popcorn and animal smell. Isn't this a heavenly place?"

(Continued on page 36)

CAMP COMRADES



LIGHTFOOT LASSIES TREADING
A MEASURE OF THE OLD FOLK
DANCE, "PA AND HIS CHICKENS,"
AT CAMP NA WA KWA, INDIANA



THE BEAUTY OF MEADOW, TREE, AND CLOUD-
SWEPT SKY FORM A LOVELY SETTING FOR
"KENTUCKY" AND HIS GIRL SCOUT RIDER,
WHO ARE GOOD COMRADES AT OLD MILL
CAMP NEAR GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

IN A RUSTIC DRESSING ROOM AT CAMP
GLANCY, IN TENNESSEE, A COUNSELOR
COMES TO THE RESCUE OF A CAMPER
WITH LONG BLOND HAIR. SHE BRAIDS IT
FIRMLY SO IT WILL NOT SNARL AGAIN



THREE IS NOT A CROWD AT CAMP, FOR
COMRADES. LIGHT HEARTS MAKE LIGHT PA



IN THE SPARKLING WATERS OF THE TREE-SHAD-
OF SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, ENJOY MANY DIFFER-
FUL SCRUTINY OF THE SWIMMING COUNSELOR

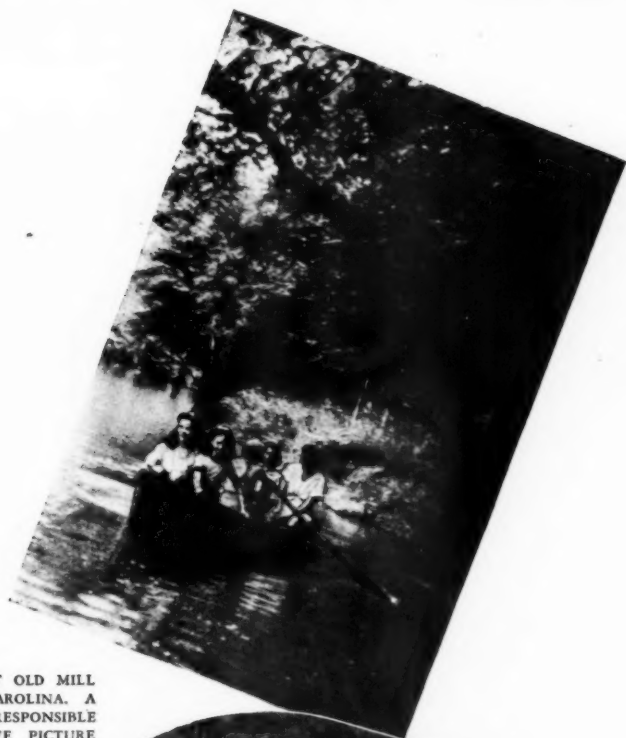
COMRADES



AT CAMP, GIRL SCOUTS ARE ALL GOOD
MAKE LIGHT PACKS AT CAMP HICKORY HILL



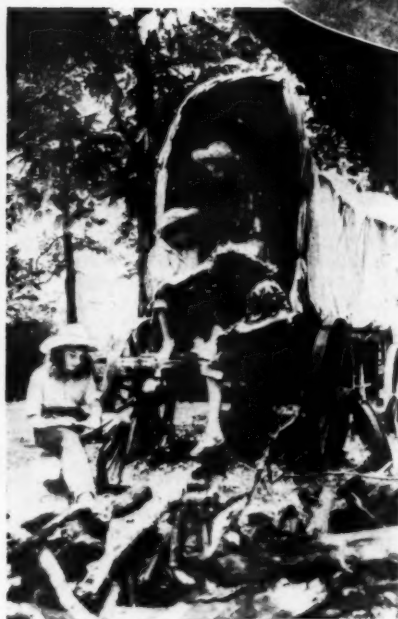
THE TREE-SHED POOL AT CAMP CIELO, GIRL SCOUTS
MANY DIFFERENT WATER SPORTS UNDER THE WATCH-
COUNSELOR WHO CHECKS EACH SWIMMER IN AND OUT



FRIENDS AFLOAT AT OLD MILL
CAMP IN NORTH CAROLINA. A
CAMP COMRADE IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS EFFECTIVE PICTURE



A NEW HAMPSHIRE CAMPER'S WOOLLY COM-
RADES SEEM MORE INTERESTED IN EATING
THAN IN POSING FOR THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS,
AS IF THEY KNEW THEIR IMPORTANCE IN
SUPPLYING WOOL FOR A NATION AT WAR



IN COMFORTABLE JEANS, SHIRTS, AND
COOL SOMBREROS, GIRL SCOUTS OF THE
OUTPOST UNIT AT CAMP HICKORY HILL,
EDGERTON, WISCONSIN, USE THIS OLD
COVERED WAGON FOR A MEETING PLACE

CAMP CLOTHES-



A CANOE TRIP, a mountain climbing expedition, a winter week end in a camp cabin, a rainy day hike, two weeks in a summer camp—all offer fun and outdoor adventure to the girl who is prepared for them. But the wrong clothes can bring discomfort and a dismal climax to the adventure, with a cold, a bad sunburn, briar scratches, or worse to take home as a sad souvenir of unpreparedness.

Every camping adventure calls for its own particular kind of clothes, but whether the costume needed is shorts and blouse, or shirt, breeches, and boots, warm wool or cool cottons, these two tests can be applied to all camp clothing: Does it furnish protection from the weather—not only the known weather at the beginning of the trip, but the kind of weather that may develop in *this* season and *this* climate? Does it furnish protection from natural hazards that may be encountered, such as mosquitoes, blackberry brambles, poison ivy, or even poisonous snakes, if you are camping in unsettled "snake country"?

From your first day hike with your troop in the spring (when, though the sun is warm as you start out, you have to remember to take along a light sweater because spring evenings are cool) to the two-weeks canoe trip away from civilization (when you are on your own, with no chance to run home or even stop at a store for additional supplies) the camper has to plan as carefully for "what to wear" as for "what to eat."

This summer there will be about a hundred and seventy-five thousand girls asking themselves the question, "What shall I wear at Girl Scout camp?" and many thousands more will be asking that same question in preparation for a private camp, or a family

camp. Many camps save you part of the worry by sending out lists of needed equipment, but sometimes even those lists fail because inexperienced campers cannot read the whys and wherefores between the lines. I've seen many a camper sitting forlornly in the tent while her friends set forth on a rainy day hike—just because she did not take seriously the suggestion that she bring a sturdy raincoat, or poncho, and rubber boots; and many a girl wasting part of her precious camp time, lying face downward on a camp infirmary cot, because she thought she knew better than the people who warned her against wearing a halter suit in the hot sun.

In order that your camping adventure may not become a misadventure, here are some tips for you from "old-timers" who have camped in many climates, at all seasons of the year, and over all sorts of terrain.

It is easy to prepare for an established camp where you live in one spot—a tent or cabin—from two weeks to an entire summer. There is usually space in your tent to store enough clothes to take care of varied needs when temperature changes and varying activities make different demands. But even this kind

SHORTS AND BLOUSES ARE A FAVORITE CAMP COSTUME FOR A WARM CLIMATE. BELOW: SLACKS AND CARDIGANS ARE ADVISABLE FOR COOL CAMP EVENINGS

of camping calls for careful planning. Resist the temptation to take along too much, for the more equipment you have in camp, the more of a problem it becomes. In a warm climate shorts and blouses are favorite camp costume. If evenings are cool, a pair of slacks to wear after supper is advisable. Ankle socks for warm days around camp are cool and comfortable, but knee socks should always be at hand to use on cross-country hikes, and wool socks for rainy days. However warm the climate, at least one light-weight wool sweater is needed. It is hard for new campers in hot climates to believe that last bit of advice. They say to themselves, "Why, I never wear a sweater in town in the summer!" It is hard to realize that when you are living out-of-doors, rainy days seem a lot colder and a lot wetter than they do in a house in town.

If you have a choice of color in camp suits, select those colors that blend with your environment. If you like to watch the small and shy wild life around you, a woods-green camp suit will help you to blend inconspicuously with the background of trees and shrubs. When you need variety and a touch of color, wear a gay tie with your green suit. Blue is also a favorite camp color, and white is sometimes worn on special occasions, but most real campers scorn white in their camp wardrobes. It is obvious that your activities in the out-of-doors will be greatly limited if you are to keep those white clothes clean.

The one time when you don't want clothes that give protective coloring in the woods is

when you are camping during the hunting season. A red shirt will help to warn the hunters that you are *not* the animal for his target.

One of the most adventurous parts of camping is living close to the elements—rain, wind, and sun—but if this intimacy is to develop into a pleasant friendship you must be equipped to meet them! A raincoat or poncho, rubber boots, and a rain hat equip you not only for the rainy day dash from tent to dining hall, but for one of the most exciting of camp events—a rainy day hike. You will find that the woods look strangely beautiful and clean in the rain. A triangular, rubberized scarf (raindanas they are called) is a fair substitute for the rain hat in light showers. A bathing cap keeps your head dry and is all right for a short time, but it is too tight for use on a long hike, and it *does* let the water drip right down the back of your neck. A rain hat with the brim wide at the back is better than either of these. Galoshes may be used instead of rubber boots if they fit low-heeled camp shoes. All-wool socks and light-weight wool underwear make for greater comfort on a rainy day, even in rather warm weather.

Of all the things that go to make up camp clothing, shoes are the most important. Sturdy, low-heeled oxfords are best for general wear. Forget your city fads and fancies when you shop for camp shoes: buy those with broad, round toes, a straight inner line from toe to heel, broad low heels, and an arch, or shank, that is not too flat. Camp is no place for even the moderately high heel, and slippers that look so nice in town are as out of place as an organdie dress in camp. They are dangerous, too, on rough ground and are responsible for many a sprained ankle. Tennis shoes are all right to take along as an "extra," if you have space to keep them. They are good to wear for folk dancing and active games on smooth ground, but most people leave them behind when they start out on a





CULOTTES ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE GARB FOR A BIKE TRIP. TAKE ALONG A PONCHO, TOO, IN CASE IT RAINS. AT RIGHT: WHEN YOU BUY WINTER CAMPING CLOTHES, CHOOSE LOOSELY WOVEN WOOLS

Choose them wisely, Wear them well

By MARGARET CHAPMAN

Girl Scout National Staff



Photograph by Paul Parker

hike, unless they are tucked into a knapsack as extra emergency equipment. Leather oxfords with composition soles are better than leather-soled shoes for climbing on slippery rocks.

A wide-brimmed sun hat is needed if you go camping in open, sunny country, or at high altitudes. Sunburn and sunstroke sneak up on you without much warning. Sun glasses help, too, in camps along the seashore, or in very sunny climates.

Breeches with high socks are best for hikes through rough country, especially when you leave the beaten path and go bush-whacking. Blue jeans may be used instead of breeches, and some kinds of sturdy slacks are good. Avoid woolen slacks in rough country (except in cold weather) as they are easily snagged by briars and have an almost magnetic attraction for burs!

Some campers like to wear high boots, but there are two distinct disadvantages to these: they are heavy, stiff, and clumsy, and make hiking difficult; and they allow no outlet for hot air and perspiration. The one time you really need high boots is when your bush-whacking takes you into the land of the rattlesnake and copperhead and their kind. If you unintentionally frighten the snake he will strike at you, and the thick leather of the boots will be a protection. But if you camp in snake country, your best protection is not what you wear, but what you do. Stay on the paths as much as possible and keep your eyes open. If you see a snake in the path, don't shout and throw things, but turn around quietly and go the other way. If you leave the path, look even more carefully before you step. If you cross a fallen log, step on it, look down on the other side, then step over. Snakes like to rest on logs, and if you disturb a snake abruptly by crashing close by, it will strike, in fear. If you climb a rocky ledge (another favorite spot for lazy snakes), look carefully before you take hold with your hand, or place your foot.

If you spend much time in rough country,

you may want to add high-topped hiking shoes to your equipment—they are not so heavy nor so high as boots, but high enough to lend support to the ankles. You may be tempted to wear your high rubber boots on these cross-country hikes—but don't do it! Remember, rubber not only keeps outside moisture from getting in, but also—and this is their disadvantage—keeps the moisture of perspiration in. When you must wear them for a long time on rainy days, a pair of all-wool socks worn inside will help absorb the moisture.

Blue jeans made in the Western style, narrow at the ankles, are comfortable and popular for horseback riding, especially in the West. In some Eastern camps, custom calls for jodhpurs, or riding breeches. The main thing to remember is that bare legs on horseback are very uncomfortable, and slacks that flap around the ankle are dangerous and may be the cause of a fall from your horse. A skirt, culottes, or shorts are suitable for bicycling—floppy slacks, again, are dangerous.

The trick of keeping comfortable while winter camping is perhaps the real test of your skill. Some amateurs make the mistake of thinking that if one pair of wool socks is warm, four pairs will be perfect. The result is that they go out of doors so bundled up that they cannot move an arm or a leg with any degree of comfort, and as for bending over—well, that's an impossibility! And even with all of that clothing, they are still cold. The reason is that the constriction of all of these tight garments interferes with circulation and there just isn't any warmth being generated by your own body.

The thickness and weight of the garment is not the test of its warmth. The materials of animal origin—wool, fur, and feathers—are warmest. The same principle used in keeping the heat in your house, insulation, is that used by nature to keep birds and sheep warm in cold weather. The fluffed-up feathers, and the thick wool hold a large amount of confined air, just as the rock wool

does in the walls and roof of your house. When you buy winter camping clothes, therefore, select all-wool of loose weave as it will hold the greatest amount of confined air. Some winter campers like to wear several loose layers of thin wool, the air space in between the layers increasing the insulation. Others, just as expert, believe that one really good suit of woollens will be adequate even in temperatures from 50° to 60° below zero. In any case, avoid constriction at any point.

Shoes for winter hiking should be looser than those for summer. If you wear two pairs of wool socks with shoes that were bought to fit over one pair of cotton anklets, the shoes will be too tight and your feet will be cold. Socks should be snug, without wrinkles, but not tight.

Wool mittens are warmer than wool gloves. It is, again, the dead air chamber inside that keeps the warmth in, and one big air chamber is better than four small ones.

A snow suit, and a hood or cap with ear muffs completes the costume.

There is no place for cotton goods in your winter camping outfit, as cotton absorbs and holds moisture and will therefore be cold.

One last word about your camp wardrobe—the simpler it is, the easier it will be to care for and the longer you will enjoy wearing it. The real woodsman takes pride in the age of a well loved jacket, or a pair of sturdy shoes, but he also takes the tenderest care of these things.

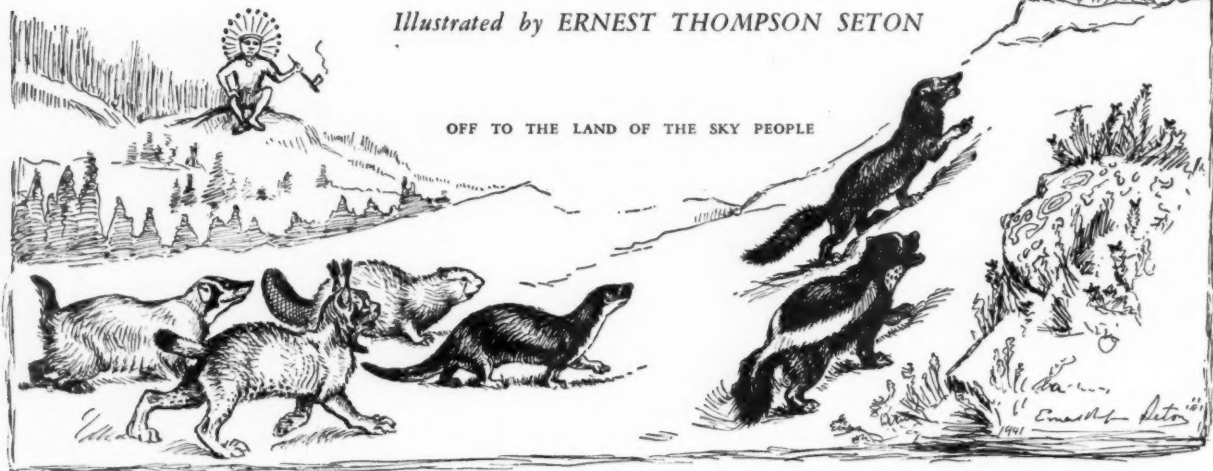
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HOW *the* SEASONS CAME

By JULIA M. SETON

Illustrated by ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



OFF TO THE LAND OF THE SKY PEOPLE

NANA-BO-JOU and the animals were well pleased with the newly created Earth, and for a time everyone was happy. Each had his own domain, and all enjoyed the freedom which, for the first time, was theirs.

But the air was cold, and they shivered and shook when they stood still, or rested from their labors. Some of their tasks had to be performed in great discomfort, and they felt that something ought to be done.

So one day they went in a body to Nana-bo-jou. They told him of their troubles and asked his advice. "We are cold," they said. "We are cold, Nana-bo-jou. What can we do?"

"Well," answered the Sun God, "you are cold because it is always winter in this land. Winter is the time of ice and snow, and as long as there is no other season, you will suffer. Now if we could only get some of the hot, sunny weather from the Sky People, you could enjoy the bright heat of that land and be happy in its brilliance."

"That certainly sounds good! Tell us what we must do to have their pleasant weather."

"Well," replied Nana-bo-jou, "the Sky People live above that blue dome which you see overhead. Some one of you will have to pierce that dome, and make a hole large enough for the birds and the bees and the bright summer season to get through."

The animals looked at each other, hoping for a volunteer to raise his voice.

"Who is brave enough to try?" went on Nana-bo-jou. "You may fail—in which case your life will be in grave danger. But remember—nothing ventured, nothing gained."

He looked around the circle, but saw no face lit up with enthusiasm for the attempt. In fact, he saw nothing but hesitation and fear. After waiting in vain for some response, he continued, "Now, look here! All agree that something should be done, yet no one is willing to try. I know what you are hoping—that I will do it myself. But that cannot be. I have made the land for you to live on, but you yourselves must provide the conditions under which you wish to live. Now, I ask for the last time, is there anyone here who will risk his life in order to bring com-

The second in the series of Indian "creation" stories—this one telling how warm weather came to the land



fort and happiness to the rest of the world?"

He scanned the group before him, but no one answered for a long time. Finally the Fisher said, "Nana-bo-jou, I am willing to try, if some one will come with me."

"Good!" smiled the Wonder-Worker. He turned to the others. "You have heard what the Fisher has said. Who will go with him?"

After another long pause, unbroken by any voice, Nana-bo-jou went on, "Very well! In that case, I will settle the question myself. I will appoint those who are to accompany the Fisher, and there can be no argument."

Before he could go on with his announcement, the Otter stood up and said, "Pardon me, Nana-bo-jou, but I promised my wife that I would be back home in a very short time, and she may be worried about me. I must go—good-by!"

Then up jumped Beaver and exclaimed, "That reminds me! I told my children I would be back early so I could show them just how to cut down that beautiful aspen tree on the west bank of our stream. I really must hurry."

"Just a moment!" commanded Nana-bo-jou. "You may not leave right now. I have something more to say." Otter and Beaver shamefacedly sat down.

At that moment Nana-bo-jou heard a slight sound behind him. He turned quickly, just in time to see Lynx and Badger sneaking toward the outer rim of the circle.

"Come back," he shouted, and they retreated without a word to their places.

Suddenly Wolverine arose and addressed

the crowd. "I have no great desire to lose my life, and I do not know that I will be much good in the enterprise; but I have been thinking it over, and I am ready to go with my brother Fisher."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Wolverine," smiled Nana-bo-jou. "And I believe you will be a great help. Fisher, you and Wolverine lead off—and I hereby appoint Otter, Beaver, Lynx, and Badger to go with you and lend all assistance possible."

Without further delay the little procession departed; and soon afterward the rest of the animals dispersed to their various homes, subdued by the seriousness of their plight but hopeful of the outcome of the adventure.

FISHER led his group of helpers far away from their place of meeting. They traveled for many days, and the two leaders were glad to note that the other four, who had started out so unwillingly, soon fell in with better grace. At night, when they rested, they talked together about the joy that would be theirs when they had somehow succeeded in letting out the good summer weather.

After some weeks of hard going, they began to run short of food. Their spirits were beginning to flag, too, when they reached the top of a very high mountain just as darkness was falling. It had been a most difficult climb, and they were spent. Fisher and Wolverine were still in the lead, but the others were not far behind.

Suddenly, in the gathering gloom, they spied a mound ahead of them. Thinking that this would at least provide a good back rest for them as they slept, they headed for it. But what was their joy to find that the mound was not a heap of earth, as they had supposed, but the carcass of a deer recently killed! They fell to with gusto, and soon felt rested and refreshed.

Then said Fisher to his friends as they prepared for the night, "My brothers, we are on a high mountain, close to the Great Spirit. I shall not sleep tonight, but keep vigil, hoping to hear the Voices. Perhaps they will tell us what to do." He left them, retreating into the silence which makes the believing heart receptive to the vision.

Otter, Beaver, Lynx, and Badger were soon asleep. Wolverine lay down to rest, but his thoughts were with his brother Fisher. He realized more than did the others the issues that were at stake, and the inadequacy of their little party to meet them.

When day came, Fisher rejoined his friends. To their look of anxious inquiry he replied, "I have heard the Voices. They said we need have no fear. We will suffer individually, but we will triumph for the cause. We are to go on four days more. We will then be on a mountain higher even than this. It will be so high that we will be very near the sky. It is there our mission will end."

They journeyed on, their hope renewed by their nearness to the end of their trials. The night of the fourth day they slept on the top of the highest mountain they had ever seen.

At daybreak Fisher arose, and after the proper morning ceremonies, he spoke. "Otter, you are to be the first to try. Jump as high as you can, and break a hole through the dome so we may enter the Sky Land. We will follow as soon as you have made an entrance."

Otter stood up, looked around at his companions as if for encouragement, then bent his lithe body and made a mighty leap. The others held their breath, amazed at the vigor of his jump.

But it was not high enough. He fell to the ground so hard that, for a moment, he could not even groan. Then, with a deep grunt, he started down the mountain on the back trail.

"Too bad," sighed Fisher. "But never mind! We will have Beaver try now."

Beaver arose, looking rather discouraged at the failure of his friend. But he steadfastly walked to the highest point, bounced up and down on his short, stocky legs in an effort to get more spring—and jumped.

It was not nearly high enough. He, too, fell back to earth, stunned. After a short rest, he started down the mountain after Otter.

Fisher turned to Lynx and Badger, who looked badly scared. "Which of you wishes to try next?" he asked.

The two glanced at each other, then again at Fisher, but neither spoke.

"Let us make a contest of it," Fisher finally said. "Both jump at once and try to beat each other. Are you ready? Set—go!"

Lynx and Badger really did the best they could. They put every ounce of their strength into the leap, but, though both jumped a little higher than either of the other two, they did not nearly reach the Sky Land. They, too, fell to earth, stunned with the force of their effort.

It was some time before they revived; but as soon as consciousness returned, they shot last sorrowful glances at the two remaining animals, and limped together down the trail that led back to the cold earth.

Wolverine and Fisher were now left by themselves. They sat for a long time deep in thought. Then Fisher broke the silence.

"Friend Wolverine, we must succeed. We can do it, too, if we work together. Now, you stand on my shoulders, and we will both jump. It may take many attempts, but if you will go on trying, I feel sure you will reach the sky and break through. Are you ready?"

"Yes, I am ready," said Wolverine. "I will do exactly as you say."

They stood up, and Wolverine climbed to the shoulders of Fisher. When he was well balanced, they counted in unison and, at each fourth count, they jumped. The first leap did not lift them very high, but with each



"He didn't even say hello!"

"I met him yesterday," Dot wails, "and now he just breezes by! What's wrong with me? Am I going to single park all summer?"

Well, Dot . . . Fellows like girls who have zing. Maybe you're a drooping daisy. And why? Perhaps you're not eating properly. Ever thought of that? Hard to be in the bloom if you eat like a sparrow. You don't have to stuff yourself. Consider breakfast (yes, *breakfast!*). Here's a good one: A rounded-up bowl of those light crackly flakes, Wheaties. Whole wheat (100%)—and plenty good for chicks like you. On account of you need food energy, vitamins, minerals, proteins.

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effort they rose higher than the time before.

Instead of becoming exhausted with their long exertion, they seemed to grow stronger. Suddenly there was a shout of triumph from Wolverine. He called down to Fisher, "I have made a gash in the dome!"

Cheered by this beginning, they made a greater effort than before. Finally, after repeated batterings, the gash grew wider and became a hole.

The two friends clambered through the hole. They glanced about and realized that they were truly in the Sky Country. It was a beautiful land. There were no icy winds—only balmy breezes. Flowers and grass and singing birds were all about. Delicious warmth entered into their being.

Suddenly they noticed a peculiar whirling of the air. They turned about and saw the warm winds of spring rushing downward through the hole they had made in the dome of the sky. After the winds went the flowers, and then the birds. As the bluebird disappeared, his voice went ahead singing, "Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"

After the spring, summer descended; and after summer, autumn. Wolverine and Fisher, engrossed in the success of their venture, almost lost sight of their own peril.

But all at once they became aware of the tramping of swift feet, and turned to see the Sky People rushing toward them. Each of these celestial beings carried a bow and a quiver full of arrows.

Now Wolverine and Fisher knew that they were in grave danger. They turned and fled.

Wolverine slipped through the hole and dropped down on the top of the high mountain. But before Fisher could follow, the Sky People had closed the vent.

Realizing that escape was impossible, he ran as fast as he could, but their arrows were swifter than his speed.

"Kill him! Kill him!" cried the Sky People in their anger. "He has let out our pleasant weather. Kill him!"

Fisher ran as long as his strength endured, then he climbed a high tree where he hoped to be safe. But the Sky People shot their arrows up through the branches, and, just before night came, an arrow speared his tail. Then his enemies left him to suffer alone.

Fisher tried to regain his strength, hidden in the tree top, but he was sorely wounded and when night was blackest, he sank to the ground.

Here the Sky People found his body the next morning. "He is dead," they said softly, for they really were kindly souls.

"We will leave him where he is," they decided. "It will discourage others from making attempts to break into our land—and they will do him honor when they see him in the midnight sky. That will be a reminder of his courage and his successful journey to the world of the Sky People."

And there he is to this day. Some call the brightness where he is the Star Group of the Fisher, but few know the story of the brave animal who gave his life to bring warm summer to the earth below—to save his people from the cold desolation of eternal winter.

THE GRADUATION PLAQUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"Come on, Betsy," urged Bob Dougherty. "Let's hear you make a speech. It might be about the right of girl freshmen to cut down trees with a butcher knife. Let's hear you make it in Greek."

Elizabeth faced the boys with startled eyes and flaming cheeks. For a moment she looked as if she might be going to throw the knife at them, then she burst into tears.

"Tyrants!" cried little Mary Hosford furiously. "See what you've done! Just because you're men. And sophomores."

"I suppose you feel very smart," said Caroline Mary in her best dramatic manner. "But you haven't bothered us at all. We don't mind a thing you say. We're going to graduate from college—with diplomas. Maybe we will even make speeches."

"Maybe you'll even want to borrow our broadcloth graduation suits," cried Tom Kedzie hilariously. "I'll let Betsy wear my beaver hat, too, if she'll promise to give her speech in Greek."

Elizabeth sobbed loudly, and the boys became suddenly penitent. "We were only teasing, Betsy!" "Don't take it seriously!" "We think it will be wonderful for you to graduate!" "Ah, Betsy, please!"

But Elizabeth ran sobbing into the dormitory, while her three sister freshmen stood by with grimly reproachful looks. As the boys took themselves off, Miles Bancroft offered the girls the latest copy of the *New York Herald* which had some interesting pictures of ladies' costumes in it. The three Marys declined coldly.

"We wouldn't have time to look at it until we've finished what we started, anyway," said Mary Kellogg, when the boys were out of hearing. She examined the knives in search

of the sharpest blade, preparatory to taking up the carving again.

"Those boys are nothing but sophomores," said Caroline Mary scornfully, gazing after the departing students. "We'll be sophomores next year ourselves."

"At least Betsy got rid of them for us," said Mary Hosford. "Men are such a hindrance—even my brother Oramon."

"Just the date and our initials will be enough, I guess," said Mary Kellogg, surveying the granite-like surface of the ancient beech tree. "Well, here goes!"

She stabbed with all the valiant force of her slim arm, but the old butcher knife rebelled against its task. It twanged sharply, broke off, and gave the engraver a mean jab above the wrist. Mary gave a cry of pain and surprise. She bit her lip, looking at the tiny red stream which issued from the wound.

"It—it's nothing, really," she assured her friends, smiling with pale lips.

"My handkerchief! I know I started out with a clean one." Caroline Mary searched vainly in her pockets.

"We'll use my sash—it's bigger, anyway," volunteered Mary Hosford, recklessly pulling the crisp white bow from her slim waist.

"Maybe the plaque will be my tombstone after all," laughed the victim nervously, as her friend dabbed hastily at the blood with a bit of lace-edged ruffle.

"What a gruesome joke, darling," reproached Caroline Mary. "I'm sure the cut isn't even near an artery. Here, I'll hold your arm out while Mary goes over and under, and over and under, to wrap it up."

"It's going to be more like a maypole than a bandage," sighed Mary Hosford, beginning to wrap her lengthy sash around her friend's wrist.

A young man, crossing the campus some

distance away, had noticed the agitation of the girls and was hastening in their direction. "What's the matter? Can I help?" he shouted, when he was within earshot.

"Oh, yes, please," answered Mary Hosford. She explained to her friends, "It's Mr. James Fairchild. I know him. He's a senior. He'll know if this bandage is all right."

"It's perfectly all right," insisted Mary Kellogg with dignity, propping her wounded arm, with its mufflike bandage, in her other hand. "Remember that we are modern women, Mary, who don't need to consult men about every little thing. We shouldn't act like old-fashioned swooning damsels."

"James Fairchild is nice. He won't think we're swooning damsels," insisted Mary Hosford as the tall youth approached.

"We were just cutting a tree," she explained, "and the knife broke and hurt Mary. We're almost sure it didn't cut an artery, but maybe you'd better look, just to be certain."

James Fairchild was all sympathy. "I hope the wound is not too painful," he said.

"It doesn't hurt—not very much," insisted Mary Kellogg stoutly, as the bandage was removed. A jagged scratch about an inch long was revealed on her delicate arm.

James Fairchild held the slim wrist in his hand, but his eyes gazed into the blue eyes above it. "A nasty cut—but it's stopped bleeding already," he murmured, and re-wrapped Mary's wrist neatly with a spotless white linen handkerchief from his coat pocket. "What were you young ladies doing with that old knife?"

The girls explained eagerly, forgetting that they were talking to a senior, who was also a man and might not approve of their ambitions. "We're freshmen now, real freshmen in college!" "We're candidates for graduation—and we're going to get diplomas!" "We'll be the first women in our country to graduate from college!"

"So we wanted to commemorate the date," finished Mary Hosford. "Not just for us, you know, but because it's important to everybody that now girls can graduate. We wanted to make a sort of monument."

"A plaque," corrected Mary Kellogg gently, and little Mary Hosford finished, "To make a sort of a plaque. But the tree was hard and the knife broke and sort of stabbed Mary."

"Mary didn't cry a tear. It shows how brave she is—don't you think so, Mr. Fairchild?" challenged Caroline Mary.

James Fairchild nodded. "I think she is a very, very brave girl," he said gravely.

Something in the senior's eyes indicated that he thought freshman Mary more than merely brave. Mary Hosford looked at him narrowly. "I think women have a right to graduate and receive diplomas, don't you, Mr. Fairchild?" she asked, and again he nodded.

"Don't you think the study of Greek will help to make women better ministers' wives?" asked Caroline Mary, smiling at Mary Hosford. And again the senior nodded approval.

"I'm planning to be a minister myself," he said. "I would almost insist that my wife understand Greek."

Mary Kellogg raised her eyes, and color came warmly into her cheeks as she put the young man to the test of the final question. "Mr. Fairchild, would you feel disgraced if women graduates sat on the same platform with you when you graduated, and if they even stood up and read their own graduation essays before the mixed audience?"

"That would be an occasion I would wish to mark on my memory calendar in golden

(Continued on page 41)

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

SCRAP FOR THE BIG SCRAP

Salvage for Victory! That's a slogan you are going to hear often as the war months roll on. For the United States, long considered a wasteful nation, must put an end to wastefulness.

This war is not only a war of fighting men against fighting men. It is also a war of industries against industries, factory workers against factory workers. In our country it takes eighteen factory workers to keep each fighting man supplied. Many of the raw materials such workers need in the turning out of tools of war are provided by so-called scrap and waste. The saving of waste material is the only war production activity in which every one of us can lend a hand. In a big scale drive for material, a Salvage-for-Victory



program is being organized by the Bureau of Industrial Conservation, a branch of the War Production Board. The aim is to make every member of the family salvage-conscious.

Four kinds of materials are now being salvaged on a nation-wide scale: waste paper, old rags, scrap metals, and old rubber. These are the Big Four. Each of the four counts heavily in the war effort, but old rubber is the material most critically needed, since Japan now controls so many of the world's rubber sources. The rubber articles in your home or your garage—such as tires and inner tubes, hot water bottles, rubbers, overshoes, bath mats—may seem to you so worn out that they're useless. But Uncle Sam doesn't think they're useless. Out of them, war factories can make reconditioned rubber for our motorized forces.

Waste paper plays a war rôle, too. It provides cartons to hold shells and medical supplies. From it comes new paperboard in which to ship food and clothing.

As for scrap metals, they go into our new guns and ships and tanks and planes. Iron and steel scrap are especially vital, but there's also an urgent call for brass, copper, zinc, aluminum, lead, and other metals.

Old rags? They go into reworked textiles. And they help to make materials for emergency buildings. Cotton rags become "wipers" in machine shops.

How shall we get waste ready for collection? The Washington experts tell us that metals, rags, and rubber should be kept separate—preferably in boxes or in bags. It's best to tie up papers in bundles so they can be carried easily. Pile up these bundles till their total weight is about a hundred pounds—that means a stack about five feet high—before turning them over to a collector. Keep them dry and clean. Tie and pile magazines and cardboard boxes separately, after flattening out the boxes.

It isn't necessary, we're told, to sort rags. Put wool, cotton, and linen rags into the same bag.

Certain materials are of no real value to our National salvage effort, just now. Among these are excelsior, used razor blades, bottle tops, peach kernels, and old felt hats. As for silk stockings, they can't be used at present—but save them.

Waste material can be disposed of in either of two ways. First, it can be sold to the local junkman. Second, it can be donated to any organization which is doing local "pick-up work"—in your locality it might be a school, a church, the Good-Will Charities, the Boy Scouts, the Salvation Army, or the Girl Scouts. These various agencies sell the salvaged material to the junkman, who in turn sells it to the industrial plants which have Government contracts.

As a result, the junk dealer has become a key man in the war effort. He's now a person of both patriotic and economic importance, since he's the channel through which salvage reaches the plants.

If you want to ask a question about salvage, get in touch with your local newspaper, your local junk dealer, or the Salvage Committee of your local defense council, if one has been formed. Classified telephone directories, in cities where they are available, will undoubtedly help.

After you've arranged to have material collected, don't be annoyed if the junkman, or the local collecting agency, doesn't call at once. Remember that waste-collectors are busier than they've ever been in their lives, and most of them are trying to cover big territories with inadequate means of transport. In fact, we're urged to use our ingenuity in working out ways in which we ourselves can get the waste to the junk dealers, or to the agencies.

The Washington experts emphasize that when they say "waste material" they mean just that. Nobody should sell or give away anything he can still use.

The salvage program, we're assured, is vitally important to the total effort which total war demands—since we must drive through to total victory.

MEN OUT OF THE NIGHT

When was the term "Commandos" first used? It came into general use back in the time of the Boer War. The fearless young soldiers who dared anything to bring terror to the Boers were called Commandos. And now we have the modern version, a dashing branch of England's shock troops. They have been called "phantoms of the night." Their dress is the dress of night—all black. Even their hands and faces are blackened. They are swift and silent. From their belts hang bunches of hand grenades. On their hips rest automatic revolvers. They carry knives. Some of them carry "tommy" guns.

These men come from all social classes. Their nationalities are a mixture. They are drawn not only from England, but from all lands which Germany has oppressed.

The Commandos approach the enemy coast in ships, then in canoes which they hide after landing. Their mission is to destroy munition dumps, munition plants and other plants, to gather information, to weaken the foe's morale by forcing him constantly "to look over his shoulder" lest death creep up behind.

At Prime Minister Churchill's request, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes organized the fighting force now called the Commandos. The leadership was later given to Lord Louis Mountbatten who, as a thirteen-year-old boy, had joined the English Navy in 1913. Queen Victoria was his great grandmother; King George VI is his cousin. During World War I he served on a flagship, on a dreadnaught, and on a submarine. In peace he became a noted polo player. In the present war he survived the sinking of the destroyer *Kelly*, which he



commanded. He rose to the rank of acting vice admiral before finally being put in full charge of the Commandos.

Now, at forty-one, he is handsome as well as fearless. Luck follows him. When asked if he had ever been injured he answered, "Only once," and said that this had happened in the United States. Last summer, it seems, he came to Norfolk, Virginia, where the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* was under repair. He was to have taken command of her, but was recalled. Before he left, a rude American goat, a Navy mascot, bit him.

CREATURES WITH "SEEING" EARS

One of the questions scientists have long been trying to answer is this: Is there a "sixth sense" which enables certain people and certain creatures to demonstrate perceptions bordering on the miraculous?

Years ago, investigators turned their earnest attention to one of the outstanding examples of a so-called sixth sense—the marvelous sense of direction that homing pigeons possess. One of their conclusions was startling. These birds, they stated, might be sensitive to magnetic currents from the earth—this because even "veteran" pigeons became bewildered and lost their way after they'd flown close to a powerful radio station which was filling the air with electrical waves.

Recently two Harvard scientists, Dr. Robert Galambos and Dr. Donald R. Griffin, centered their efforts on another sixth-sense conundrum: How can bats fly in pitch-dark caves without colliding with the walls? The two investigators wanted to prove, or disprove, the old theory that bats use their ears rather than their eyes when they fly in total obscurity. So they hung wires from the ceiling of a room, attached them to the floor, covered several bats' ears with little, noise-deadening muffs, and released the creatures in total darkness.

Thereupon the bats in clumsy flight struck against the wires, collided with the walls. But after the muffs were taken from their ears they flew without a single collision. Apparently they were flying by ear—guiding themselves,



perhaps, by sending out sounds and listening for echoes sent back from obstacles in their paths of flight.

Definite proof of this was furnished by an ingenious apparatus designed to record sounds too high-pitched for human ears to perceive. Through this device, Dr. Galambos and Dr. Griffin learned that whenever the bats flew they emitted tiny, staccato cries which were loudest at about fifty thousand vibrations a second. A person with normal ears can hear nothing above twenty thousand. The creatures uttered these cries at a rate of about twenty-five a second when flying far from obstacles, but the rate rose to fifty a second as soon as they neared obstacles capable of throwing echoes back.

Still another puzzle—how many blind people sense and avoid obstructions—was brought under scrutiny not long ago. Two graduate students, Milton Cotzin and Michael Supa, made fifteen hundred laboratory experiments with blind persons as subjects. Some of the sightless people showed an almost uncanny ability to stop short within a few inches of a wall.

As in the case of the bats, the key to the mystery was found, apparently, in one word—echoes! When the blind subjects walked toward the wall barefoot, on a thick carpet, their strange gift vanished. Their ears—no keener than normal, but sharpened by their affliction—had detected the echoes of their footfalls thrown back by the wall. Unwittingly they'd been "seeing" by listening.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Heavenly doesn't seem quite the word," said Minty, "but I certainly do think it's exciting."

After the dishes were done, the girls had their first opportunity to roam around the fair. Having strolled up the Midway once, Eggs felt that she knew the whole fair much better than Minty did, and could explain everything to her.

"Look! They've got a snake charmer and a two-headed calf—and there's Madame L'Enigma's tent, the one who's after Zip."

"I think we ought to look her over," said Minty, "and see if Zip needs us to protect him as much as he says. I thought he was just saying that to get us to go with him."

"He was pretty serious when he talked to me before dinner, Minty."

As they passed the fortuneteller's tent, a long and not too clean hand, loaded with rings and bracelets, beckoned to them.

"Would you care to have me read your future in your palms, my dears? Or I can go into a trance and converse with the spirit world for only twenty-five cents extra."

Madame L'Enigma would have been almost grandmotherly looking if she had not worn such a large black wig. Whenever she moved, she clanked and jingled with beads and chains. Eggs tugged at Minty to be off, but Minty looked Madame L'Enigma over carefully before she shook her head.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Minty. "At least not now."

"Suit yourself," said the fortuneteller. "There are plenty of other people who want to see into the future, if you don't."

A ragged-looking, red-headed girl about Minty's age detached herself from the other Midway strollers and grinned at them. "She can tell you're greenhorns without looking at your palms," said the girl.

"We're not greenhorns," cried Eggs. "We're part of the fair now."

"What part?" glibed the strange girl, cocking her head at them. She was pretty, Minty thought, but she certainly didn't bother to keep herself tidy. "What part? The tail end?"

"We're with Zip, the lightning artist," said Minty with dignity.

"Oh, my land!" cried Madame L'Enigma. "Don't tell me you're living in that lovely sky-blue trailer of Mr. Zipora's. Oh, you lucky little girls! Here, come in and I'll tell your fortune free."

"Oh, no, thanks," said Minty hastily. She and Eggs began to move away.

The strange girl caught Minty's arm. "Does he paint pictures? Is he that kind of an artist?" she asked eagerly.

"That's what he is," said Minty.

"I'll be around, then," said the girl. "You'll be seeing me." She went darting away through the crowd as if she knew her way all over the grounds, without stopping to look where she was going.

"That's a funny girl," said Eggs as they went along.

But Minty was thinking of Madame L'Enigma. "Oh, my, I'm glad we came, Eggs! Even if I should have to be late to school, we couldn't let her get her clutches on the sky-blue trailer—and our Zip."

Beyond the Midway were even more fascinating things: livestock barns full of beautiful animals; the Horticulture Building with its enormous pumpkins and sample cornstalks taller than a man; and best of all (so Minty thought) the Women's Building. For here

SKY-BLUE TRAILER

she could see what other girls had done in the way of sewing and cooking. Everything interested Minty, from the apple turnovers to the patchwork quilts, but especially she delighted in the dresses. She took time to examine them and notice how the hems were turned and whether the seams were felled and if the collars were finished by hand or on the machine.

"Oh, nuts," grumbled Eggs. "I'm going to the merry-go-round." But Minty lingered on, genuinely interested.

"I wish they were going to have a style show here," she heard a woman say. "At some of the fairs they let the girls model the dresses they have made."

"Not here," replied another woman. "My daughter'd enter her graduation dress, if they did. But over to Riverview next week they have a style show."

"Riverview," thought Minty. "That's the next fair we're going to. Oh, if they have a

WINNERS OF THE APRIL "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMIC CONTEST

Five hundred and seventeen girls submitted one thousand four hundred and five titles for the third "Name-Your-Own Comic" drawing by Orson Lowell, published in the April issue. First place is shared by Joan McGee, of Rochester, New York, aged fifteen, for her title, "Some Perch!"; Betty Buck, of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, aged twelve, for "A Fish Story"; and Claire Josephson, of Nutley, New Jersey, aged twelve, for "Flood or No Flood, It's Friday." All three girls will receive books as prizes. (When a title submitted by more than one person proves to be a winner, the prize goes to the entry first received.)

Other good titles were: "Something Fishy Here"; "Noah Never Thought of This"; "While There's Fish, There's Hope"; and "The One That Didn't Get Away."

style show there, I'm going to see it! It would be fun to see the girls modeling their own dresses. I might get some ideas."

But after Minty had seen so many exhibits that her head whirled, it occurred to her that she hadn't yet seen Zip paint. Returning to the trailer, she found the open space about the front of it so packed with people that she could scarcely push her way through. On one side of the trailer Pop had set up a card table on which he had laid out some of his choicest books. "Take a chance on Shakespeare, folks. He'll never fail you! You're interested in fairs, ladies and gentlemen, so let me sell you a nearly brand-new copy of *Vanities Fair*, by William Makepeace Thackeray."

Pop seemed to be doing a fairly brisk business, Minty noted, though most of the crowd was on the other side of the trailer. Some determined effort on her part finally brought her through to a point where she could see Zip standing at his easel in a small cleared space in the center of the group.

He seemed to be perfectly at ease with all of these spectators, and he kept up a running fire of humorous remarks as he worked. Hooked over his left thumb was a large palette, oozy with many colors of paint, and in the same hand he held a bouquet of various sized brushes, tipped with different colors of paint. His nimble right hand was free to select the proper brush, dip it in the right color, and with quick movements of wrist and

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

fingers, spread a lightning landscape across the canvas.

The fascination in watching him was that you never knew what the picture was going to be until you had seen it grow. Perhaps he would start with a great swath of light blue across the top of the canvas—and, of course, you knew that would be sky. Then there would follow dark rocks and a series of sticks that might be going to be telegraph poles. But a new brush, tipped with green, would suddenly transform the poles into a forest of trees in full leaf. A red brush, and there would be a little red schoolhouse under the trees; a light-brown brush, and suddenly a road went by the schoolhouse. The picture seemed all finished and complete; but then Zip took a white-tipped brush, made a sudden downward swoop of his wrist, ending in a series of splashy dabs, and there was a waterfall, purling and singing just below the schoolhouse and a wonderful place for the scholars to fall in and ruin their clothes during recess time.

"And now," said Zip, "who'll buy it? Who's going to have this little gem hanging on his parlor wall to remind him of the old red schoolhouse? It's only fifty cents, friends, and you saw the artist paint it. How many of you have a hand-painted picture in your house that you actually saw emerging from the hand of genius? You're going to take it, Mister? Fine! You'll never regret it, and you can hand it on to your children as an heirloom. Now how about a nice, carved frame for only a dollar to give it a proper setting? Fine! My friend, I congratulate you on your appreciation and good taste."

Looking about the crowd, Minty saw the red-haired girl. The wild, pretty face under the mop of untidy hair was bright with an intense light of interest as she watched Zip paint. She stood with her hands on her hips. She didn't seem to see Minty at all. Now that Zip had sold the little red schoolhouse, he was beginning on a mountain scene with snow-capped peaks and a stream. A stroke of the brush had just put a bridge over the stream when the red-headed girl shouted out, "No! You hadn't ought to put that bridge there, big shot. It looks terrible. And try another cloud the other side of the mountain, why don't you?"

"Say, who's doing this?" asked Zip good-naturedly. Then, to the immense delight of the spectators, he added her cloud on the other side of the mountain.

"That's better," said the girl.

"What's your name, kid?" asked Zip.

"Wildcat," said the girl, grinning, "and don't ask me how I got it, or I'll tear you to pieces." And with that she was off through the crowd, and everybody craning their necks to look after her.

"Wildcat's a good name for that kid," said Zip several nights later, as he smoked his after-supper pipe. In the evenings, when it was too dark to paint, he and the Sparkes family liked to sit by a campfire behind the trailer, listening to the sounds of the fair.

"She's a queer girl," said Minty, "the way she comes two or three times a day to watch you paint and tell you how bad she thinks your painting is."

"If watching can teach, she's sure learning how," said Zip. "The kid is ornery enough to be an artist herself."

"You're an artist and *you* aren't ornery, Zip."

"Well, Sister," said Zip, contentedly, blowing a cloud of smoke around his head, "I don't mind telling you, right here in the bosom of our family as it were, that I'm not a first-class artist."

"Oh, Zip!" cried the girls, shocked at this revelation of Zip's low opinion of his art.

"Sometimes I think," he continued modestly, "that it's a dang shame for me to be putting such a lot of bad art into the farm-houses of the nation."

"But it's wonderful to see you do it, all in a minute that way," cried Minty.

"That's the only thing that saves it from being *real* bad art, Minty," said Zip, smiling to himself. "They'll never forget the thrill they got from watching Zip paint it."

Perhaps what Zip had said of his art was true. To anyone who had watched him for several days, Zip had begun to repeat himself a trifle by the end of the Clover County Fair. He had made different versions of the little red schoolhouse three times, and there had been several scenes with mountains and snow, and at least two forest fires. No one would have noticed it except a bad-mannered girl like Wildcat, but her eyes, with their defiant glitter, had been taking in everything. On the last day of the fair, she was in one of her "ornery" moods.

"Why don't you ever make anything real, you?" she blurted out. "You've done that kind of waterfall two or three times. Why don't you make something real, like that merry-go-round, or that gawky-looking farmer over there, or them prize bulls?"

"Well, I don't know," said Zip, giving the matter thought. "I reckon the reason is, it would take longer. It wouldn't be lightning art then."

"Oh, you!" Wildcat said. "Here, I could do as good myself. Let me have a brush."

"Okay, Sister," said Zip. There was a twinkle of amusement in his eye. "Here you are now. Let's see what you can do."

Minty, who was watching, drew in her breath. She wouldn't have dared touch Zip's paints or brushes for the world, and here was this strange girl snatching the palette and brushes out of his hands and setting to work on his fresh piece of canvas as if she had spent her life painting pictures.

The spectators were impressed by Wildcat's nonchalance, and the air of confidence she had, made everyone look for something really fine. Even Zip seemed subdued and expectant, as if Wildcat really might show him something. She started out pretty well with a deep-blue sky, and then she started to put in a merry-go-round and a tent, and everything began to smear and run together, and the more she worked at it the worse it got. She mixed up her brushes, and the pure, clear colors, when they were stirred together, turned a kind of dismal greenish-brown. People in the crowd began to laugh and jeer at her.

"Thought you was better than Zip, did you? Say, give us some lessons, will you, girlie?"

Minty could see Wildcat's face getting fiery red, but whether from embarrassment or fury she couldn't be sure. She was not long left in doubt. With an angry cry, Wildcat drew two lines across the dismal canvas and flung Zip's palette and brushes on the ground. She turned around and stamped her foot at the spectators.

"Laugh!" she cried. "Laugh, laugh, laugh! You laughing hyenas, you! Howl if you want to, and see if I care. I hate you all, every one of you." Striking out with her el-



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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

MRS. MINIVER. It is astonishing how faithfully the film recaptures the mood and feminine outlook of the book, *Mrs. Miniver*, by Jan Struther. It creates a picture of life under abnormal conditions and demonstrates that orderly adjustments may be made so that day-by-day living can fall into normal patterns. Although we may know intellectually that great drama is taking place in our world, yet the demands of food, sleep, a little recreation, push the greater drama out of sight from time to time. And certainly Mrs. Miniver carries on her civilian job of homemaker superbly. The community, too, is made to come alive in the film—the friends, tradesmen, the aristocrats whom Vin, the son attending Oxford, considers insufferable until he falls in love with the granddaughter of Lady Beldon. Then war comes into this peaceful home and community. Vin joins the R.A.F. and Mr. Miniver, the Home Defense. Life goes on, with blackout curtains necessary and a bomb shelter on the grounds. They soon become the normal way of living. Greer Garson has never done anything more beautiful than this—even remembering *Mr. Chips*. Walter Pidgeon is splendid and each member of the cast adds his fine bit. It is a glowing, warm, and vibrant picture without heroics, flag waving, emotional stress. The film gives us, who have to stay behind the lines, a feeling that perhaps what we may offer is important after all. (MGM)

Good

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT. The new baby sister in the Bumstead family is only a small portion of the current Blondie (Penny Singleton) film, but her arrival is responsible for Dagwood's overdose of the jitters, which precipitates the usual misunderstandings with his boss. (Col.)

GHOST TOWN LAW. The Rough Riders, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy, and Raymond Hatton give us another grand action Western with deft comedy touches, but this time mystery is included, too. (Mono.)

MAD MARTINDALES. THE. Jane Withers provides a field day for younger sisters by winning her older, selfish sister's beau in this family comedy of the nineties. (Fox)

MY GAL SAL. Re-creation of a whole generation of stage types, costumes, songs, and dances of the Gay Nineties flavor, is the fine achievement of this Technicolor musical film. Based on the life of Paul Dresser, composer of *The Banks of the Wabash* and other popular songs of the day, it is from a story by Theodore Dresser, the composer's brother. Rita Hayworth wears the period costumes with an air and photographs beautifully in color, in addition to being outstanding as a singer and dancer. Victor Mature gives a well rounded characterization of the composer. Although not a sympathetic rôle, what with Dresser's repeated faithlessness and ruthless ambition, the composer's genius is made believable. The emphasis is always on music and mood, and the sophistication is so lightly stressed that it is not objectionable for young people. (Fox)

MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET. Excellent camera work, which captures the spirit of the 19th century Paris setting, is the chief interest in this Poe mystery of an exotic actress who plots to murder her sister and is herself killed. Patric Knowles plays Paul Dupin, the sleuth responsible for the solution of the Rue Morgue mysteries. (Univ.)

SABOTEUR. This is distinctly a director's picture and the great Alfred Hitchcock's, at that. Given an innocent young man (Robert Cummings), accused of sabotage, who sets out to hunt down the real saboteur while at the same time the police are trailing him, Hitchcock has a double chase through which to build excitement. But it is the appeal to each of us to accept our responsibility to help overcome this threat to life and property that gives the film its terrific impact. (Universal)

SHIP AHOY. There'll be rooters and nonrooters for this musical comedy, but we enjoyed it immensely for its unabashed nonsense. Eleanor Powell is a better dancer than actress, but since she's very good as a dancer, we liked her. Red Skelton is always amusing as the harassed author of three currently running adventure serials, including *Wonder Lad* who must perform a major miracle in each installment. Anyway, Nazi spies, by posing as members of the FBI and describing the mission as a service to her country, induce Eleanor, who is a member of a theatrical troupe, to take the model for a magnetic mine to Puerto Rico. We leave you with the rest of the plot, but we must mention Bert Lahr, who is Red Skelton's balm agent and one of our favorite comedians. (MGM)

SUICIDE SQUADRON. A Polish Squadron Leader (Anton Walbrook), whose group has been demolished by Nazi planes, tries to find some solace in his music before going up again. With his beloved Warsaw falling, he begins his Warsaw Concerto. An American newspaperwoman (Sally Gray), hearing the music, upbraids him, misunderstanding his need. His comrades, however, believing that Walbrook can help their country best by keeping alive its art, through a ruse arrange matters so that he and his Irish volunteer friend (Derrick De Marney) can escape to America. There the pianist marries Sally and tours America to raise money for Poland. But he is not at peace with himself until he goes to England to join a Polish air corps. He must identify himself with the struggle for survival if he is to create. Because the film is marked by sensitive performances there is an inspiring lift to it which, together with its rich outpouring of music, makes it superior entertainment. Very good. (Rep.)

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE. This latest Tarzan has everything lovers of jungle adventure crave and enough wild animal life, comedy, and scenic beauty to entertain many others. The rest will be diverted by its fantastic inventiveness! Believing that Tarzan and Jane have been killed in a death-defying fall, their adopted son, Boy, is brought to New York by unscrupulous circus men who feature him as a child-wonder animal trainer. Jane and Tarzan follow, but find themselves thwarted in regaining Boy since the law doesn't look upon the jungle as a proper place to raise a child. Tarzan then takes things in his own hands and with a yell that echoes through the skyscraper caverns swings from one perilous height to another to escape the police, finally making his way to the circus where Boy is held prisoner. Here Tarzan calls on the circus elephants to help him and recognizing their master's voice they run the villains to quarter. (MGM)

TORTILLA FLAT. A great deal of artistry and care have gone into this filming of John Steinbeck's stories of the *paisanos* of Central California, a people descended from Mexican stock who have continued to live in their own community, remaining kindly, generous, and childlike, with the men making a virtue of refraining from work. The film never burlesques these people, or makes them overly quaint, though for the first time Spencer Tracy in his characterization of Pilon seems to remain an actor. Oddly enough, the glamorous Hedy Lamarr is most successful in leaving behind her usual screen personality and John Garfield is very good as Danny. But it is the bit players who give the film its life and its mood of unruffled contentment with a sun and wine-soaked existence. (MGM)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

MRS. MINIVER. The film will lessen fear of the War rather than create it.

Good

GHOST TOWN LAW
MAD MARTINDALES, THE
SHIP AHOY

bows and fists, she fought her way through the crowd of astonished people and vanished down the Midway in the direction of the livestock pavilion. Some of the bystanders ran a little way after her, others helped Zip pick up his scattered brushes.

"I never thought she'd do that, somehow," said Zip. Minty could see how crestfallen his face looked.

"She sure is a wildcat," said Eggs. "I hope we don't see her at the next fair."

Minty finished picking up the brushes. Some of the people were still laughing, others were scolding and grumbling about Wildcat.

"I don't like her, either," Minty said to Eggs, "but I'm kind of sorry for her. Something hasn't gone right for that girl."

"She better keep out of my way," said Zip dully, beginning to clean the sand off his favorite palette, "or things won't go a bit better for her."

(To be continued)

FIREFLIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

tience was rewarded and the change observed!

The pupa, which had been lying on its back, had turned over. It was lying face down, and just at the back of the neck the white covering was seen to split. Then, arching itself, the pupa turned over on its back once more, and its head was out! Though whether the head was withdrawn before or after turning we could not be sure.

But there it lay, withdrawing the wings and legs from the pupa casing, and then kicking the casing down toward its tail. It reminded one, for all the world, of an individual trying to kick off his pajamas in the confined space of an upper Pullman berth!

Then, with wings and legs free, the creature turned over once more and stood on its legs, with its head bent down as though exhausted. At first the wings were grayish white, but they rapidly turned dark, with the light-colored stripes which we later observed as characteristic of the *Photuris*.

Four hours later, the firefly was still in the same position. It takes about twenty-four hours, apparently, for the newly winged creature to gain its strength. But the next night after emerging it winged off through the trees, flashing its light.

Well, having brought up glowworms by hand, so to speak, we decided that, next time, we would like to start even earlier. We would catch lady fireflies and hatch our own eggs, and see what baby glowworms look like.

So we did. While we live in the city, our house is just at the edge of the park, and evening after evening, during the month of June, we spent in the woods back of our house, hunting for lady fireflies. We learned a great deal we had never known before.

There are, of course, many different kinds of fireflies. In our woods there were three. To begin with, there were Mr. and Mrs. Photinus Pyralis—*photinus* means "shining," *pyralis*, "born from, or living in, fire."

Mr. and Mrs. Photinus, as we called them, came out early in the evening. Sometimes, just before the sun set, Mr. Photinus would be seen flitting about looking for Mrs. Photinus who waited quietly on a leaf, as we soon learned, flashing only occasionally when Mr. Photinus came near to show him she was at home. We tried to catch the pair of them, and when we were successful we gave them a nice private home of their own, in a glass jar

with a piece of fly screening put over the top for air. So let us leave Mr. and Mrs. Photinus in their glass jar, for a moment, and return to the woods.

It would appear as though nature had traffic rules of some sort and planned that the woodland should not be too crowded with all kinds of flying fireflies at one time. For suddenly all the Photinus family disappeared. It may be that they go to sleep early.

Instead, as soon as it had become quite dark, the woods seemed filled with tiny fireflies, and these gave quick flashes of light—very quick, sometimes two flashes in succession.

These fireflies were only about half as large as those of the first group we had observed, though their light was orange colored, rather similar in that respect to the first group. But you could not mistake their quick and double flashing. These fireflies seemed to move about a little higher in the bushes than did Mr. and Mrs. Photinus. They were more difficult to find and much more easily injured. This family was called the *Photinus Scintillans*—dubbed by us Mr. and Mrs. Scintillans. The word means, of course, "to sparkle."

The Scintillans stayed out only a little while, and then in the trees appeared what seemed to be a slow blue flashing, drifting higher and higher, until sometimes the tree-tops seemed sprinkled with blue stars. These were the biggest fireflies in our woods, having a long, impressive name—*Photuris Pennsylvanica*. Photuris means "light," and in this species the tail is highly luminous.

Indeed Mr. and Mrs. Photuris had the most beautiful light of all, bluish in color and with a longer continued flash. But these fireflies seemed more brutish in their behavior than the others, attacking each other ruthlessly and killing the weak. We found it easy to catch Mrs. Photuris when she came down from the tree tops late in the evening to lay her eggs. If we swept the grass and small bushes with our hands, there came the blue flash. Then on went the flashlight we carried and by this

means we could easily pick up some specimens.

Mr. and Mrs. Photuris went into a fish bowl by themselves. If the different groups were put together, we found they did not seem to dwell in harmony and we were apt to see the Photurises eating the smaller fireflies.

In any family of fireflies, the female has smaller light organs than the male. In fact, in the female *photinus*, the light is emitted from only a small part of one segment.

The light of the firefly produces no heat and for that reason is said to be "cold light." Scientists have succeeded in isolating from the light organs of the firefly two substances known as *luciferin* and *luciferase*. These, they know by experiment, can be made to produce light. If these two substances are what the firefly uses to produce its light, just how they are utilized at will by the insect still remains the firefly's secret.

Fireflies lay their eggs on the moss or vegetation near the ground. The eggs are cream colored, smaller than the head of a pin. Some are the size of celery seed. After about ten days, in the first part of August, by using a magnifying glass we observed the first hatching of these eggs.

There was a tiny break in the shell—we could not tell whether it was made from stretching, or whether the baby glowworm opened it by biting. But, at any rate, there was the little round hole; it seemed to stretch wide, until finally something uncured from its perfect circle, straightened out, and moved—a tiny, cream-colored worm, with feet which were the merest threads and with what seemed to be a very long head.

"It moves!" we cried, like Galileo, when we saw the first one actually uncurl; and again like Galileo we felt we had observed a most important secret of the universe. And so we had—the hatching of a glowworm!

After the glowworm had emerged, there remained on the side of the glass jar a small transparent disk with a tiny hole in it—the egg shell of the former occupant.

"SISTERS?...NO,"



MOTHER and DAUGHTER"



The New Improved SATIN-FINISH Tangee Natural Lipstick gives to each all she ever longed for in a lipstick—sophistication for the daughter, charming youthfulness for her mother.

says *Constance Luft Hahn*

Head of the House of Tangee, Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipstick

"Can a lipstick help a mother look younger...as her daughter grows older? Yes! For the new SATIN-FINISH Tangee Natural changes color when applied—from orange in the stick until your own perfect shade of blush rose is produced.

"Not too dry, yet not too moist—our exclusive SATIN-FINISH Tangee Natural gives your lips a softer, glossier sheen; keeps them perfectly made-up for hours and hours. I suggest you wear our new SATIN-FINISH Tangee Natural, the matching rouge, and Tangee's 'un-powdery' Face Powder—for natural, unaffected loveliness."

TANGEE Natural

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Distributors
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Natural Lipstick and Rouge. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ AG62

BOBO, FRIEND TO "AMINALS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

When he began to wheeze alarmingly, it was Bobo's turn to be dismayed. She stopped short, while Hector seized the opportunity to lie down and puff.

"Oh, poor thing—poor old thing!" cried Bobo. "I went too fast. Oh, dearie dear, all my Kind Acts seem to be turning out just the op'sit, and I'm Unworthy of the Friend-to-Animals Law, and everything."

Contrite, she carried the panting Hector—who was something of an armload—all the way back and deposited him, still wheezing, on his master's hearth rug.

"H'm," said Mr. Bristle, who was busier than ever and didn't look too pleased. "H'm," walked him too fast, I'm afraid. He has asthma, you know—can't hurry him. Guess you'd better let us two old fellers go out together hereafter, Bobo."

"Oh, I do hope I haven't ackshally damaged him," cried Bobo, almost in tears.

"Guess he'll sleep it off," muttered Mr. Bristle, shuffling his papers.

"I do so want to do something really splendid for an Animal," Bobo said dismally. "All I can do is to mew like a kitten."

"Well, don't do it here," snapped Mr. Bristle, "or Hector will jump right out of his skin, and it's bad for him."

Bobo went home, a little more downcast than before, and wrote sadly in her record, "Mr. Bristle's Dog. Unapprehended."

IT WAS perhaps as well that Bobo's comrades knew nothing of her so far rather ignominious score. But, to tell the truth, they were none too well satisfied with their own records, either individually or as a group. They had carried out a few extremely obvious activities in the Friend-to-Animals line—but no outstanding heroic deed had as yet been performed; no creature owed its life, or even its comfort, to the efforts of Red Rose Troop.

"Now or never," said Jane Burke, when the girls assembled for their regular meeting. "The afternoon is perfect; it's stuffy indoors—what about taking a sort of hike and seeing if we can't redeem ourselves at the last minute by some really noteworthy act?"

"A wholesale improvement of all the animals in town, on a grand scale?" twinkled Miss Roberts, the cherished leader of Red Rose Troop.

"No, just turn out and see what we can see," said Jane.

"Always a pleasant occupation," agreed Miss Roberts. "All right, then, everybody—we might as well. Nature notebooks in pockets, at the same time."

(Continued on page 41)



"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS, V —drawn by **ORSON LOWELL**

Win a prize by naming this Comic. For rules, see page 48. Winner will be announced in August.

THE GRADUATION PLAQUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

letters," replied the senior, with an appreciative glance at Mary Kellogg's hair, pale gold in the tree-sifted sunshine.

"What a noble sounding thing to say!" cried Mary Hosford. "Even Caleb Fisher couldn't speak so nicely—and he's going to be a minister, too." And then she added, "Mr. Fairchild, I think we ought to give you the honor—you'll be the first man in the country to have this honor—the honor of making our monument."

"Plaque, dear," amended Caroline Mary, as she gathered up the assorted knives and handed them to the senior. "You can see where Mary started—before the knife broke."

James Fairchild looked a little ruefully over the collection of knives and at the flinty beech tree, and then he took his own knife from his pocket. "What shall I inscribe?" he asked manfully, looking at the bright eyes facing him. "Shall I begin with the date—September 12, 1837?"

Mary Kellogg shook her head. "I think we ought to begin 'Class 1841.' Because that's what it'll be."

"And we might as well look to the future," said Mary Hosford. "Maybe we ought to begin with a motto, first of all."

"That would be a good motto—'Look to the future,'" suggested the senior, tapping tentatively at the beech bark with his knife point.

"And then all our names underneath, beginning with Mary Kellogg because of her cut," suggested Caroline Mary generously.

"If you wanted to, it would be all right for you to put, 'Carved by James Fairchild, Senior,' at the bottom," added Mary Hosford kindly.

The senior began his onslaught against the flinty bark. Steel clicked against steel-hard wood, and Mary Kellogg, in sudden realization of the difficulty of the task, cried out, "I think it would be enough just to put the date of our graduation and our initials." She added, "After all, brevity is the soul of wit."

BOBO, FRIEND TO "AMINALS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

In a pleasant street, where large houses sat well back in green gardens, Red Rose Troop saw what it saw. They might have passed by with only a politely curious glance, if a well-bred, but shrilly desperate voice had not cried out, "Oh, here come some Girl Scouts, Alfred! They will know just what to do!"

A large and glittering limousine was parked beside an immense clump of semi-wild climbing rose bushes, which spilled over a high stone wall and stretched in a solid jungle of thorny pink and green for a half a block. Squatting cautiously beside it, in his spotted gray livery, a chauffeur peered dutifully but without enthusiasm at the prickly mass. Fluttering nervously on the roadside, a stoutish lady in an expensive suit wrung her jeweled hands in a state of near collapse. Red Rose Troop, coming to a straggling halt, recognized in this distressed female the great Mrs. Van Syckel from the mansion on the hill.

"Here, girls—here!" she besought them authoritatively. "Stand back, Alfred—these girls

"I'll keep that in mind, too—when I'm a minister," said the senior, stealing another glance at her eager face. Then he turned valiantly to the task in hand.

ABOVE him the leaves of the beech tree rustled in a sort of tender laughter. The tree was old, and many things had happened since it first sprang from its three-cornered seed. It had seen so many things, this old beech tree, that perhaps it could look ahead as well as back.

Perhaps it could look ahead to that proud day in August, 1841, when Oberlin College would be holding its commencement exercises in the Big Tent. Perhaps it could see Elizabeth Prall, and Mary Hosford, and Caroline Mary Rudd coming forward to receive the diplomas for which they had worked so faithfully—the first girls in the country ever to receive diplomas from a college. And perhaps it could look ahead even a little further and see the long, long line of girls who would graduate from college after 1841.

Presently Mr. Fairchild finished his plaque with the date and the four initials. The girls praised and thanked him, and turned back through the trees to Ladies' Hall to find Elizabeth and tell her that the work was completed.

Their voices, their laughter drifted back to the senior as he stood beneath the beech tree and looked at the inscription. When the door of Ladies' Hall had closed on them, Mr. Fairchild tested his knife blade and set about the final and most interesting part of his monument to the future.

Below, and to one side of the graduation plaque, he painstakingly carved a neat heart, and within the heart two sets of initials—his own and Mary Kellogg's.

"She'll be back, she'll be with you, even if she doesn't get her diploma," rustled the beech tree, from the depths of its wise old heart. "She'll be a fine wife for a young minister—a good wife with a whole year of college Greek!" Then the tree dropped a handful of golden leaves, letting them fall in a double heart design upon the young man's head.

know just what to do. Oh, my poor little darling!"

Alfred, with a sigh of relief, arose creakily and stood at attention beside the big car.

"Just what can we do to help you, Mrs. Van Syckel?" wondered Miss Roberts, speaking for twenty girls.

"My poor little Emperor's Silver Peachbloom Mimette!" cried Mrs. Van Syckel. "I shall never see her again!"

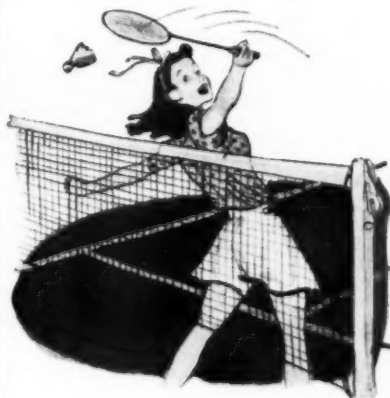
"Is it your little girl?" asked Bobo, awed and round-eyed. She thought it highly probable that a young Van Syckel would have a name like that.

The lady gazed with astonishment at Bobo, while Miss Roberts swallowed a grin. "No, no!" cried Mrs. Van Syckel. "It is my precious silver Persian kitten. I was taking her to the War Relief rooms," she explained to the staring troop. "We are having a Cat Show for the benefit of the Wool Fund—my dear little Mimette is of champion lineage. I merely raised the lid of her basket an inch to peep at her and reassure her, when in some extraordinary way she dashed out of the basket and through the open window of the motor.



Why so disconsolate,
Mary Louise?
You look so unhappy.
Snap out of it, please!

Wake up, Mary Louise! It's silly to let those "certain days" get you in the dumps. Try Modess! See if this "fluff-type" napkin doesn't give you lots more comfort!



You soon will agree that
It's dumb to ignore
The marvelous secret of
3 out of 4

Yes, 3 out of every 4 voted "Modess is softer!" in recent nationwide tests. Buy Modess today. Get either Regular or Junior size. (Junior Modess is narrower.)



Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

We think she has hidden herself under those great rose bushes, but Alfred says he cannot see her at all, though we have searched for nearly an hour."

Red Rose Troop flung itself on its respective tummies and tried to peer under the dense tangle of thorns and leaves and flowers that touched the ground. "Here, kitty, kitty!" they called, in twenty keys. But in that impenetrable, dark jungle there was no sound, no movement, no glint of silver fur.

"Get back, all of you," commanded Jane. "You'll just frighten the animal worse than ever. Now, the way to do is for about three of us to work up and down the edge, poking these long sticks back in there very carefully—and when the kitten runs out, the others can catch it."

Mrs. Van Syckel wrung her hands again. This sounded like Spartan treatment for a champion Royal Persian of nervous temperament. Moreover, it yielded no results. Neither did any other method devised during a half hour of effort and ingenuity.

"Perhaps if we got some milk and set it out here," suggested Betty, "she'd come out and drink it."

"Never," said Miss Roberts.

"We might go home and dress in raincoats and gloves and things and crash right into these thorns," proposed Red.

"We might get some hedge clippers and cut them clean down," said Vera.

"After all, they are Mrs. Hamilton's roses," Miss Roberts reminded them.

"I don't believe the kitten is in there at all," said Lillian, picking prickles out of her thumb.

Mrs. Van Syckel drew out her handkerchief and patted her eyes. The furrow across Bobo's brow had been growing deeper and deeper. It vanished suddenly, like clouds before a wind.

"Why didn't I think of it before!" she cried. "Go away, everybody! Go over on the other side of the road and sit down."

"Really, Bobo—" Jane began.

"I can mew like a kitten," said Bobo in a dedicated voice.

Miss Roberts nodded, and motioned Red Rose Troop across the street. Bobo, solitary and solemn, sat down on the strip of grass in front of the rose jungle and mewed her best. Mrs. Van Syckel, hardly able to believe that the sound was coming from this small and determined Girl Scout, clasped her hands in ecstasy, convinced that it was the voice of her lost pet. There was another mew—exactly like Bobo's—but this time it came from under the tangle.

"She's in there!" cried Red. Bobo held up a finger for silence, and mewed again. Emperor's Silver Peachbloom Mimette answered plaintively, like any ordinary kitten. The amazing conversation continued, to and fro.

"How do you know what you're saying to her?" murmured Vera. "You may be telling her to stay in there and not let all these people get her."

"Shh!" cautioned Miss Roberts.

Alfred looked at his watch and fixed his eyes on the top of a tree.

"Mew!" said Bobo.

"Mew!" said the kitten.

"Mee-ew, mee-ew!" said Bobo.

"Mee-ew, mee-ew!" answered Emperor's Silver Peachbloom Mimette, a little nearer.

Red Rose Troop held its breath, waiting. They waited for a solid half hour of alternate mewing. Bobo was rapt and tireless. Mrs. Van Syckel, oblivious of her elegant clothes, had sat down on the runningboard of the limousine. Alfred was a statue. And then—there was a faint stirring of the lowest briars. There was a glimmer of gray fur, a shine of green eyes. With a final hypnotic mew, Bobo had Emperor's Silver Peachbloom Mimette in her arms, and was scratching her under her ruffed chin and cooing at her as if she had been any grocery store kitten.

Mrs. Van Syckel needed Alfred's assistance to get into the car. She sat breathing and

fluttering for some moments. Bobo, the kitten in her arms, had climbed in beside her as the safest place for the runaway.

"Wuzza, wuzza pore little kitty!" she beguiled the shaken Persian.

"I don't know how to thank you!" said Mrs. Van Syckel. "You *all* did your best, I'm sure. I can't dream of taking my poor little Mimette to the Cat Show, now—she and I are both so upset. But if all the rest of you care to stop in at the War Relief rooms, you'll be just in time for the refreshments, I think. As my guests," babbled Mrs. Van Syckel, scratching something on a card and handing it to Jane. "This child," she went on, turning to Bobo, "must stay with me. She has such a soothing effect on my dear little Mimette."

Mimette, thoroughly worn out, was going to sleep ridiculously in Bobo's arms—four pink paddy-paws upturned and green eyes blissfully slitted. She was purring.

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Syckel, "this little girl—what did you say your name is, my dear? Popo?—had better stay with Mimette and have tea with me. Home, Alfred!"

Red Rose Troop, setting its face towards the War Relief rooms, gazed after the limousine which the thankful Alfred was driving off full tilt.

"Well, anyway," said Jane, "I guess this lets us out of having to throw a party for the girl who was the most successful Friend to Animals—dash it all, *animals!*"

"It's catching," grinned Red.

TEA with Mrs. Van Syckel had proved to be a most rewarding meal. Bobo was still licking crumbs of mocha butter icing off the corner of her mouth as she made the final entry in her record later that afternoon.

After regarding the items thoughtfully for some time, she took a red pencil and drew a line through all the previous ones. Then she wrote, in large crimson letters of triumph, "I MEWED LIKE A KITTEN!"

A DOZEN ROSES AND A BALE OF HAY

present, is the Galápagos tortoise. It will eat as long as there is a scrap of anything edible in sight. Its menu includes lettuce, apples, oranges, bananas, and watermelons. The oldest specimen has been known to eat a barrel of lettuce in a day, and this colony at one time was the outlet for the discarded outer leaves from the New York hotels.

While most animals are very decided about what they will eat and what they will not, there are exceptions. Many members of the sheep family will eat practically anything that is not too big to be swallowed. An aoudad (North African wild sheep) was showing obvious signs of distress recently, and Dr. Goss, after an X-ray examination, removed from its interior a woman's glove, three deflated balloons, and five rubber balls. You could hardly say that the aoudad had eaten them, but at least it had swallowed them.

This is just a sample of the difficulties that thoughtless visitors create wherever animals are on exhibition. No matter how many signs, "Please do not feed the animals," are displayed, children—and older persons who should know better—seem to be determined to throw things, some edible and many not, into the pens and cages. It was for this reason that the Zoological Society installed a number of vending machines from which two ounces of animal food can be obtained for a nickel.

The packages contain pellets about the size of large peas, made of calf meal, alfalfa, oats,

bran, and corn. The hoof animals soon became very fond of them. A bear will collect a handful or so before he gulps them down, a single pellet being beneath his consideration. An elephant will hold out his trunk, the end upturned like a cup, while the visitor tosses in one after another of the pellets; when he has captured a dozen or so, he will stick his trunk in his mouth and blow the collection inside. The vending machines have very largely solved the problem of feeding by visitors, and on an average Sunday more than a thousand packages are sold. The ingredients are such that they cannot be harmful to any living creature that is willing to eat them, and the quantities are small enough not to cause any danger of overfeeding. The fact is, there is less danger with animals of overfeeding than of wrong feeding, and now that on-lookers are using the packages from the machines, the situation is pretty well under control.

An exception, some time ago, did not involve visitors. A long time ago when Alice, the big elephant, was only a girl, she was employed at the Zoo giving rides to children. As she was led back to her quarters every day, past the service building, her keeper would take a loaf of bread from a barrel that stood by the doorway, and give it to Alice as a reward for good behavior.

Years passed, and Alice was relieved of her duties with the children. One night the drain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

pipe in her cage became blocked, and to escape the cold water that backed up and flooded the stall Alice broke down the back door leading to her private enclosure, found the gate unlatched, and wandered forth into the night. She recalled the bread box, which she had not seen for twenty-five years, went to it and emptied it, giving herself on several dozen loaves. Then, instead of going home the way she had come, she followed the path along which she used to be led, arrived at the front door of the elephant house and, finding it locked, simply walked in, pushing the doors ahead of her. When she was offered her breakfast, some hours later, she made uneasy and uninterested motions, and her pilfering was discovered. Apparently the only consequence was temporary loss of appetite.

On another occasion, the refusal of an animal to eat as advertised was somewhat embarrassing. In the absence of Dr. Goss, who has made a study of dietary whims, some of the people at the Zoo decided it would be nice to give a birthday party for Pete, the big hippopotamus—a native New Yorker, who had reached the age of thirty-eight. A "cake" was concocted of all the nice things they thought Pete would like, with thirty-eight carrots, one of his great delights, for candles. Photographers were summoned from the newspapers, and with the crowd singing, "Happy birthday, dear Peter," the two-and-a-quarter-ton guest of honor was led in. He snooted the entire

proceeding. He wouldn't even nibble a carrot. Of course, as Dr. Goss pointed out when he heard the details, the mistake was in not making Pete a cake of food he was used to and would recognize. Not being especially hungry, he was confused by the festivities, the crowd, and the strange-looking cake, and refused to eat.

Many who think of undomesticated animals as entirely devoid of the finer feelings will be surprised to know that their digestive processes, as well as their appetites, are often seriously disturbed by unusual incidents or excitement. I was frankly flabbergasted when Earl Chase, the keeper at the reptile house, assured me that snakes are among the most sensitive of living beings. In fact, if you listen to Chase long enough, you will feel a slight impulse to go to the cage where the huge python drapes itself around the branch of a tree and beg his pardon for misjudging him. Rejecting the impulse, you learn with amazement that the keeper always tries to avoid feeding the reptiles on Sundays or holidays when there are big crowds present. Many of the larger snakes are fed only every two weeks, and others usually in ratio to their sizes, so this is not difficult to arrange. If, on the other hand, there is a crowd watching while the big serpents are dining, they will not digest their food, and the next day they will disgorge it.

To be sure that all of the twenty-five hundred boarders at the Zoo will receive the right food at the right time requires a big organization, which has developed with the growth of the institution. The busy day begins at 6:30 a.m. sharp, with the arrival of the cook, and it is well after 3 p.m. before he has time to turn away from his chopping block and pressure cooker and take a little rest.

The bears are the first to demand breakfast, and their keeper is on hand at 7 a.m., filling baskets with bread, vegetables, fish, and meat. Trucks are soon rumbling about with grain and hay for the deer, and suchlike vegetarians. More trucks come rumbling in with supplies, and in the course of a year the boardinghouse uses up approximately the following quantities of food:

170 baskets of apples; 1,350 bunches of bananas; 40 boxes of huckleberries; 51½ tons of beef; 20½ tons of bread; 135 bushels of carrots; 1,300 chameleons; 500 pounds of cottage cheese; 260 pounds of chicken; 30 tons of corn; 31,200 hen eggs; 22½ tons of scratch feed; 15¼ tons of fish; 1,600 frogs; 150 pounds of grapes; 290 tons of hay; 18 cans of honey; 6,300 pounds of zwieback meal; 1,200 pounds of milk powder; 75 pounds of Brazil nuts; 100 pounds of mixed nuts; 7,000 bushels of oats; 80 boxes of oranges; 600 pounds of oyster shells; 160 pounds of raisins; 200 white rats; 1,300 pounds of brown rice; 800 pounds of broken rice; 500 pounds of rock salt; a ton of hemp seed; 1¼ tons of sunflower seeds; 300 pounds of dried shrimps; 9,000 pounds of wheat; 50 pounds of dried flies.

The Zoo used to import about two hundred and twenty pounds of ant eggs annually, but since the war began they have no longer been available, ship cargo space being required for more serious purposes.

Smaller quantities of about a hundred other foods are required, and even these do not complete the list. The keepers grow very fond of the animals under their charge, even when the affection is not noticeably returned, and they often forage for delicacies that are not to be had on the market. Certain birds are extremely fond of wild strawberries and elderberries, and many a keeper spends his days off

in spring and summer, gathering all of these he can find, just to please his boarders.

A greater variety of items is required for the birds than for any other section of the Zoo. The following list of necessities for the bird house, aviary, and enclosures for the feathered tribe is only partial and subject to change with brief notice, should a new arrival be announced:

Apples, pears, grapes, raisins, sultanas, currants, bananas, oranges, figs, wild cherries, elderberries, wild strawberries, inkberries, huckleberries, milo maize, oats, ground maple peas, hemp seed, canary seed, millet, turnip seed, flax seed, poppy seed, teazle seed, rock salt, water cress, green corn, cottage cheese, barley, cod-liver oil, dandelion seed, sunflower seed, "Zwieback," ant eggs, hen eggs, "Crisel," ground eggshells, cuttlefish bone, oyster shells, Indian nuts, bone meal, blood meal, alfalfa meal, quartz grit, nannyberries, tomatoes, carrots, potatoes, beets, peas, string beans, lettuce, cabbage, spinach, wild chickweed, whole corn, cracked corn, wheat, dried milk, dried flies, mealworms, grasshoppers, spiders, cockroaches, "Mellin's Food," condensed milk, honey, fruit flies, butterfish, shrimp, herrings, smelts, beef, horse meat, rats, mice, guinea pigs, rabbits, chickens, frogs, snakes, bread, rice, game food, peanuts, pecans, walnuts, Brazil nuts, and dates.

Few of these articles are required in large quantities. A nightingale which is out of sorts will perk up quickly if it is fed a few common spiders, easily enough obtained, but it does not expect them as daily fare. The secretary bird appreciates an occasional little snake. Ant eggs are imported from the tropics, dried waterflies from Mexico. Crickets and grasshoppers are found in fair quantity right in the meadows of the Zoo itself, but dried locusts are still occasionally to be had from Africa and are imported whenever an occasion offers.

As if conscious of its reputed similarity to the human race, the monkey tribe refuses to be satisfied with a monotonous bill of fare. Their demand for change is almost as definite as that of mankind. Three times a week they get a meat mixture, every night at closing time they have milk and eggs, and for the rest of their meals the rotation is as follows:

Monday: Bananas, boiled potatoes, oranges.
Tuesday: Carrots, lettuce, bananas, apples, oranges.

Wednesday: Rice pudding, cabbage.

Thursday: Monday's dinner again.

Friday: Tuesday's dinner.

Saturday: Wednesday's dinner.

Sunday: Nothing but bananas—and the peanuts, popcorn, coughdrops, candy, cigarette butts, and chewing gum that thoughtless and sometimes downright vicious visitors throw to the monkeys when the keepers are not at hand.

Among the interesting details that crop up, in this business of feeding the animals, are the quaint tricks many of them develop. The kinkajou likes grapes so well that in eating them he lies on his back, so any juice will drip into his mouth. The ratel, or honeybadger, is allowed an occasional lump of sugar, which he has learned to soften by dropping into his drinking cup, and he has also discovered the exact stage at which to remove it before it melts away. The sloth earns his name (or was the word slothfulness derived from his habits?) for he lives a life of almost complete motionlessness except on Sunday when he is not fed, and then he shifts himself a bit, ever so slowly, in the branches where

(Continued on page 45)



How can a girl learn Geography when she can't pronounce it?

★ ★ ★
Brother Jim is in the Navy,
Sister Ann's a Red Cross aide,
And every girl can knit and purl,
Or train to meet a raid!

★ ★ ★
Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"
But it's hard to concentrate
On olden wars and ancient lores,
And stuff so out of date!

★ ★ ★
War Geography has got me!
Every name is like a sneeze!
From Oahu to Waipahu,
From Minsk to Celebes!

★ ★ ★
Miquelon and Madagascar,
Guam, Tobruk and Mandalay—
They give me pain inside my brain,
And fill me with dismay!

★ ★ ★
They're the reason tires are scarcer,
And the car is "on the shelf."
But why should I complain and sigh?
I've got a bike, myself!

★ ★ ★
Its coaster brake's a Morrow,
(That's a tip I got from Dad!)
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,
It's tops... and that ain't bad!

★ ★ ★
Famous for over 40 years! Quick stopping,
easy pedaling, long coasting; more
ball bearings (31) than any other brake.
Your bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow
Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation
Dept. 265, Elmira, N. Y.



MORROW

COASTER BRAKE



A penny for your thoughts

DON'T LET 'EM GET YOU DOWN

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: I have just read Anne Mannings's letter in the March issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It seems to me that she and Joyce Hunter are looking at the matter of glasses with a very pessimistic point of view. Specs aren't as much of a drawback as these girls think they are. I know, because I have to wear them, too.

When I first had glasses, I was twelve years old. At first, I thought I couldn't stand to wear the things, but as time passed, I discovered that people didn't notice them half as much as I thought they did. I'm fifteen now, and haven't minded them ever since then.

Just look around you and notice how many people wear glasses. They are becoming very common. One of the most popular girls in our high school wears glasses, but they don't seem to hinder her. She "gets around" as well, or better, than any of the other girls do.

So resign yourself to the fact that you have to wear specs, then forget all about them and everyone else will, too.

Mary Lou Meixner

BLINKERS

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS: I absolutely agree with Joyce Hunter and Anne Mannings on the subject of glasses. They are definitely hateful. I am fifteen and very nearsighted. I have been wearing blinkers since the seventh grade, and I am a junior in high school now. When I go swimming, which is my favorite sport, I can't see my friends across the pool, or in the water, and they think I ignore them. People who do not wear glasses do not realize how lost we are without our other pair of eyes. I vote that there be plenty of stories with bespectacled girls as heroines. We really are quite human.

I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about two years, and I love it. I think the stories are just right. Bushy and Lofty, the Lucy Ellen stories, Janey, Meg and Phyl, are my favorites. They seem so true to life. *Sky Rabbits* is my ideal serial. Let's have more boy-girl stories, please.

For years my friends and family have been urging me to go to Girl Scout camp. I told them I wasn't interested, though finally, this last summer, I decided I might as well go, but I plainly said, "Just for one week!" Well, I stayed the whole two weeks and never had so much fun in my life. I shall certainly go to camp this coming summer—that is, if they have one. I am afraid, though, that with the war, they will not have the camp.

Florence Stice

NO OPTICAL OUTCAST

YONKERS, NEW YORK: I have just read Anne Mannings's letter and I would like to get my two cents in, although it is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I, too, wear glasses, but I do not feel like an optical outcast. I have worn glasses since I was three years old. (I am now thirteen.) I swim, skate, dance, and have fun with the rest of the crowd. Of course I am not pretty, but it's not the glasses, it's my face.

Alice C. Mulcabe

AIR HOSTESS VS. BAND LEADER

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over a year and I simply couldn't get along without it. My favorite character is Yes-We-Can Janey. We are pretty much in the same boat because I have red hair—and *is* it red!—and I also wear specs. (Wish I didn't.)

I'm in the seventh grade at St. Mary's School and will be thirteen this March. I think its super duper that I'm a Girl Scout, because we do have such fun. And I'm proud that we have a part in the defense of our country.

I have thought about being an air hostess, only I may not pass the tests because I wear specs. If I cannot be an air hostess, then I'll be a band leader.

Lois Jean McOsker

HELPING UNCLE SAM

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: When I have nothing to do, I go back to my old *AMERICAN GIRLS* and read the stories again and I enjoy them just as much as I did the first time.

I am fifteen and am in the second year of high school and like it a lot. I have two sisters and three brothers. Two of my brothers are in the Army. One will be a second lieutenant soon.

I would like to be a pilot when I get older, so that I may help my Uncle Sam just as much as my brothers do. I have flown from Grand Rapids to Pittsburgh in a transport plane, and even had my dinner on it.

Katherine Dykema

MORE ABOUT GLASSES

SPRING VALLEY, ILLINOIS: I enjoyed the article, *Can You Qualify as a Sky Hostess?* Ever since I was in the fourth grade I have wanted to be an air hostess, but my plans were thwarted this October when I found I was five feet six inches tall. And in November I was presented with a pair of specs! So now I have

to find a new career for myself, but I have plenty of time for I am only twelve years old.

I agree with Joyce Hunter and Anne Mannings on the subject of glasses. Before I had to wear glasses, I thought it would be fun to wear them, but now—oh my! I am very fortunate because I am told I won't have to wear them all my life, only until I am sixteen or a little younger.

My girl friend, Helen Louise Blassick, has taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years and she agrees with me when I say it is the best magazine for girls. We both think Dilsey and Janey are tops. Let's have some more stories about Bushy and Lofty.

Sarah Jane Sweeney

FRECKLES

ORONO, MAINE: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about seven months and I enjoy it very much.

I enjoy the stories about Janey because she has red hair. I have red hair and I hate it, but Janey is a heroine, so that comforts me a bit. I would like to be a doctor, just as Janey would like to be a nurse.

I would like to have a story about a girl who lives on the coast and sails a lot. Make sure she has freckles, because I have them, too. I like the sea. With freckles and red hair, I think I am quite handicapped, but I can be thankful that I don't wear glasses.

I have become a Girl Scout this year and I just got my uniform. I love it. I'm an Intermediate Scout now, but I want to be a Mariner when I am old enough.

I haven't any pets. I would like to have a dog, but Mother says, no. I want a German Shepherd. They are such big things, I don't wonder she wouldn't like it, but a little one would do.

Ethel Mae Scammon

LOOPS AND EVERYTHING

JACKSON, OHIO: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years and have recently subscribed for my third. I enjoy the magazine immensely.

I received my March issue this morning. I liked the article, *Can You Qualify as a Sky Hostess?* I joined the Dispatch Air Cadets and I hope I can learn a bit about becoming an air hostess. That is my ambition.

I borrowed a book from the public library this afternoon, entitled *Skycruiser*. I was reading about a test pilot doing power dives, barrel rolls, loops, and everything imaginable—and I actually was dizzy myself.

Peggy Sell

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

A DOZEN ROSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

he hangs forever downward, to nibble a leaf.

One of the most amusing discoveries in the history of the Zoo, concerning strange appetites of animals, happened one day when the lion keepers tossed a bunch of catnip into the African Plains section where a few lions were roaming about. What followed was the most unleonine behavior imaginable. Everyone knows that a cat will have a lot of fun with a catnip ball, but no one would expect a great, big, ferocious lion to go practically crazy over the herb. But that is what they did! They tossed the sprigs in the air, rolled over on them, turned somersaults, and were as undignified as a bank president on a roller coaster. As a result the lions now get their catnip periodically.

When winter comes, the diet of all the animals in the Zoo is watched still more carefully. Cod-liver oil, carefully disguised with more palatable things, is administered regularly, to make up for the decreased sunlight which is the result of closer confinement. Food rations are adjusted to indoor living for the animals which have been enjoying summer freedom.

And every day there is a bale of hay for the elephants and a dozen roses for the parrots.

GOD'S GREENHOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

their bumper crops of grain and vegetables to go in heavily for flower gardens.

The little city of Anchorage—growing into a big city because of the new United States Army Air Base—is the most active market for the colonists' produce. This section, from Matanuska to Anchorage, forty miles apart, is known locally as the "Banana Belt" because of its mild winters and generally equable climate. The summer climate is right for growth and the soil is fertile. Agricultural produce for a single season is valued at \$150,000. About one-half of this is used in the Valley for human and animal consumption, and the other half is marketed.

One colonist reported that he planted one-and-a-quarter bushels of wheat on three-quarters of an acre, and harvested thirty-nine bushels. Another produced seven tons of carrots on a little over half an acre. Vegetables, as well as flowers, grow to enormous size under the almost continuous rays of the sun, for during the growing season there are no chilly nights to retard their growth.

At Circle Hot Springs, just a little south of the Arctic Circle, I saw cabbages growing outdoors, and each cabbage would have filled a washtub. In Fairbanks, I saw a turnip that weighed six-and-a-half pounds, and a cabbage that tipped the scales at forty-two pounds.

In Juneau, the capital, where there is no snow except on the mountain peaks, but where there is a heavy rainfall, flowers grow in great profusion. The dead Mendenhall Glacier, fifteen miles from Juneau, has receded about four miles from the sea and left in its wake a wide terminal moraine. Over this broad belt of debris nature has spread a deep blue carpet of iris and lupine.

Hundreds of different kinds of wild flowers mingle in certain sections. Mrs. Jeanne Laurence of Anchorage, widow of the Mount

Gifts for a Graduate

*Please her with gifts
to treasure the day.*

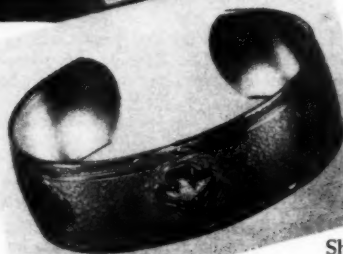


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* Includes Federal Excise Tax.



The Autograph Album with green leatherette cover, gold leaf decorated, has clear white pages, spiral bound. 11-735—15c

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McKinley artist, Sidney Laurence, and a painter in her own right, climbed nine thousand feet up the side of Mount McKinley with a group of girls in search of rare flowers. The group sat down to rest and, without rising, picked thirty-five different varieties of flowers, among them violets, anemones, painted daisies, and the ever present forget-me-nots. Mrs. Laurence found a rare orchid of three vivid colors; one petal was pink, one blue, and a third purple.

Around the lakes near Anchorage may be found diminutive calla lilies, exactly the shape of the large domestic flower. White phantom orchids are found growing near An-

chorage, as well as on the mountain heights.

Away down in the Iditarod country, that you reach by branching off the Yukon River, was a lovely garden of large pansies that showed no signs of dying even late in the fall. A drenching rain came and that same night the temperature dropped below zero with a bang. The rain on the pansy bed froze, encasing the flowers in crystal ice. Not one of them wilted, but each looked up brightly through air-tight ice houses. The snows came and covered the unique garden. In the spring, rain washed away the snow—and there were the pansies, lovely as ever, looking up through their crystal enclosures. Nature had hermeti-

cally sealed them for the long Alaskan winter.

There are a hundred thousand square miles of land suitable for agriculture in Uncle Sam's largest commonwealth, Alaska. The tillable and pasture land actually cover more territory than the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania. Alaska's growing season is short, but unless you've watched the Arctic sun circling the sky in summer with a slight dip toward the horizon at midnight, it would be hard for you to realize its great drawing power on plant life. During the three or four months of almost constant daylight, plants just keep right on reaching toward the Midnight Sun.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"The fine work being done by the Girl Scouts and their leaders is a story that is scattered all over Honolulu," said one of the Girl Scout executives. "Reports are slow to come in, because Girl Scouts take it for granted that they should help in the defense of their Island and do not consider it is anything that needs telling."

"For instance," she continued, "I recently learned that twelve Girl Scouts washed all the dishes which were used in serving one hundred people for more than two weeks at Kalia Waena School."

"All by themselves?" I asked. "That's a lot of dishes!"

"It is a lot of dishes," she agreed. "It was during January when the school teachers and principals were registering and finger-printing all Honolulu residents. You remember what a big job that was."

I went to the school to talk to one of the teachers who is a Girl Scout leader there. I walked across the school yard, shaded by pink shower trees and the great umbrella-like money-pods, and into the neat Girl Scout cottage.

"Yes," said the teacher, "the Girl Scouts certainly did help with the registration. They really were marvelous. They worked as messengers, answered the telephone, helped in the cafeteria, and looked after babies while mothers were being finger-printed. I don't know how we could have managed without them. Workers who wanted anything just called, 'Scout!'"

"But what about all those dishes?" I asked.

Being a messenger or answering the phone was one thing, I thought, but dishes for one hundred people for over two weeks—!

"Yes, they washed all the dishes used in serving the workers. Besides, they came early in the morning before the adults were there so they could wash the dish cloths."

"Well!" I said. "I shall never listen again when teen-agers are accused of being afraid of washing dishes."

But dishes were only part of the story. Girl Scouts here in Honolulu have helped at various defense stations, knitting, sewing, and making dressings. They have done typing and clerical work. They assisted with Christmas parties which were given for underprivileged children in spite of the war and blackouts. They trimmed Christmas trees at the hospitals and filled stockings. They collected, washed, and delivered fifteen hundred bottles for the blood bank. One troop made fracture pillows for the wounded.

At present, troops in Hawaii are concentrating on first aid. The memory of a sky that rained bombs is still vivid. Those Girl Scouts who already have their first-aid badges

BUGLES for HAWAII

are reviewing or taking advanced courses. The younger girls are hurrying to complete the requirements.

The girls know the story of the citizen who died in a shattered car on one of our own streets—died needlessly while a crowd watched, because no one in that crowd had been trained to apply a tourniquet. This must not happen again in Honolulu.

Some of the troops are studying medicinal plants and herbs. The old Hawaiians went into the woods for their medicines and salves instead of the corner drug store. Turmeric—*olena*, the Hawaiians called it—was used for sore throat and earache. *Popolo*, a member of the deadly nightshade and potato family, was mixed with salt and put on cuts (I wonder if those old-time Hawaiian girls cried) to prevent infection. *Awa*, a drink made from the black pepper plant, was used to produce sleep. The oily *kukui* nuts were roasted and mashed to make a salve for ulcers.

Other peoples who have more recently come to the Islands, do not know these remedies. Even few of the Hawaiians know them these days. If an invasion attempt drove the population to the hills, who can say how valuable this almost forgotten lore might become?

The troop at Kamehameha Girls' School is specializing in cookies for convalescent soldiers injured in the December raids. I visited this beautiful school—which is exclusively for girls who have at least one Hawaiian great-grandparent—located on the heights back of Honolulu. Our car hurried up the road that loops around the hills, and looking out one car window I could see most of Honolulu, the harbor, and a great stretch of the Pacific. Through the other window I saw a procession of gigantic, horny-armed sisals, huge yuccas which have blooms half as high as a man, hoop-pines from Australia named from the curious markings on their trunks, and hundreds of other plants in the beautifully landscaped grounds.

One patrol of the "Kam" Girl Scouts was in the home-making laboratory when I arrived.

"I want to make chocolate ones! I made oat-meal cookies last week."

"I want to make the chocolate ones, too."

"I'll make any kind you tell me."

"So will I."

"Me, too."

Everyone was measuring flour, beating batter, and chopping nuts. Before long the room was filled with the most tantalizing aromas.

"Won't you have a sample of our cooking?" A smiling part-Hawaiian girl stood before me, a pink hibiscus in her hair, a plate of cookies in her hand. "We bake four times a week," she continued. "I hope the boys like the cookies. Some of them are shy and take

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

only one or two out of the cans as we pass through the wards. I always say, 'I know my brother would eat more than that.' Then they laugh and take some more."

I could tell you many more stories of how busy the Scout troops are, here in the Islands. Gone are the old lazy days in Hawaii, the languorous, peaceful Hawaii which we knew. Gone are the long Sundays spent at the beaches across the Pali, playing on the white sands and in the warm, turquoise water. Gone are the *bula* lessons and the singing, the *bukilaus*, and the *luau*s where they took the whole roast pig hot out of the *imu*.

Hawaii has heard the bugle call to work. The Girl Scout troops are proud to answer that call. They answer not as Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Portuguese, and Hawaiians, but as good Americans, eager and proud to serve their country, the United States of America.

FROM OUR MAILBAG

Excerpts from letters written by Girl Scout professional workers in the Hawaiian Islands
Honolulu, Hawaii December 29, 1941

We often say "time flies" and it is very true, but time can also drag—as we found out on the morning of December seventh when the Japanese attacked our beautiful city and Pearl Harbor. An hour was an eternity. As I stood on my *lanai* and watched the cruel, brutal attack being made, I prayed, "Dear God, don't let this beautiful island be destroyed by man."

"This is the real McCoy and not a simulated attack!"—those were the terrifying words we heard over the radio, which forced us to believe the horrible truth on that memorable Sunday morning. I had slept late and was awakened by many planes flying overhead. Planes mean nothing to us, for we have them flying high and flying low all the time; we were constantly having maneuvers and it was just one more to me. I was not dressed when there was a terrific noise, as of two planes crashing. I ran to the window, but could see nothing, nor was there any excitement for about ten minutes; then I discovered that the house next to me (two lots away) had been hit by a bomb from an enemy plane. I went down to see the house and arrived just as the firemen and trucks reached it. The house and garden were a mass of broken glass and splintered wood. The members of the family were still in bed, but no one was injured.

Then I walked to a vantage point about two hundred yards down the street where I could see Pearl Harbor. There were many fires to be seen and much smoke, and yet we

(Continued on page 49)



Good Reason

SMALL BOY: Father says will you please lend us the radio tonight?

NEIGHBOR: With pleasure, Sonny. Are you giving a party?

SMALL BOY: No sir, we want to get some sleep.—*Sent by PATRICIA KORBS, Olean, New York.*

Small Fry

A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"My teeth stepped on my tongue," wailed Ethel.—*Sent by MARIE CONNER, Bartley, Nebraska.*

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MARY (whose first tooth has just come out): Oh, Mummy, come quick! I'm coming to pieces!—*Sent by VIRGINIA O'DONNELL, Rockford, Illinois.*

LITTLE GIRL: Mother, I think Mrs. Brown's dog likes me.

MOTHER: Why do you think so, dear?

LITTLE GIRL: Well, first he tasted me, and then he wagged his tail.—*Sent by HARRIET FARRELL, Sacramento, California.*

On going outdoors after dark, Danny remarked, "The stars are turned on already."—*Sent by JOAN BRUMBAUGH, Buffalo, N. Y.*

Souvenirs



MRS. GAY: I hope you liked those queer little back scratchers I sent you after my visit to Chinatown.

MRS. MAY: Is that what they are? I've been making my family eat salad with them!—*Sent by AUDREY HOGAN, Oregon, Illinois.*

The Prize-Winning Joke

On Her Way



MRS. GRAY: Has your baby learned to talk yet?

MRS. CLAY: Oh, dear me, yes! We're trying to keep her quiet now.—*Sent by CAROLYN PHILLIPS, Greensboro, North Carolina.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

TRICIA MCKINNEY, Los Angeles, California.

Practical



SMALL BOY: Mummy, we're going to play elephants at the zoo, and we want you to come.

MOTHER: That's nice—but what on earth can I do?

SMALL BOY: You can be the lady who gives the elephants peanuts and candy.—*Sent by FRANCES PRIVETTE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.*

It's Usual

CLERK: Please, sir, I'd like next week off, if it's convenient.

BOSS: Oh, you would, eh? What do you want it for?

CLERK: Well, my girl's going on her honeymoon, and I'd like to go with her.—*Sent by JEANNETTE SUCHTING, Catonsville, Maryland.*

Information

JOHNNY: Why does the whistle blow for a fire?

BILLY: It doesn't blow for a fire, it blows for water. They've got the fire.—*Sent by ELIZABETH PATTRICK, Grand Rapids, Michigan.*

Good Impression

A young clergyman, paying his first parish visit, tried so hard to make a good impression that he found himself somewhat flustered. The new baby was presented to him and he asked, "How old is it?"

"Just six weeks," replied the mother.

"Is it your youngest?" he inquired nervously.—*Sent by PATRICIA MCKINNEY, Los Angeles, California.*



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CORRECTION

The apologies of THE AMERICAN GIRL are due the Greenwich, Connecticut, Girl Scouts, as the photographs used to illustrate "Farm Aides and Victory Gardens" by Marie Gaudette, on page thirty of the May issue, were erroneously credited to the Girl Scouts of Stamford, Connecticut.

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WHEN STAMPS *are* YOUR HOBBY

By OSBORNE B. BOND



The first commemorative stamp to be issued by the United States since Frank C. Walker became Postmaster-General is scheduled for release on Monday, June first. It will honor the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the admission of Kentucky to Statehood. At the time these notes are being written, no actual details of the stamp are available, but it is believed that this new Kentucky commemorative will be of the three-cent denomination, and that it will be printed in purple ink.

Shortly after Frank C. Walker took over the administration of the Post Office Department, collectors learned that new stamp issues would not be released with the same frequency that had been followed for several years. This has not been due altogether to a new policy—the change has become necessary because of the fact that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been working to full capacity to produce all of the stamps, currencies, bonds, and other Government papers that are required in the Nation's service. With Victory Bonds and stamps being produced in ever increasing quantities, it can readily be seen that there is not a great deal of time or equipment available for the production of special commemorative stamp issues.

However, the Department has received a great number of requests suggesting that special postage stamps be issued to tell dramatically the story of America's full war effort. While no action has yet been taken on these requests, the Department is giving full consideration to the matter.

A set of three commemorative-postage and three air-mail stamps has been issued by Mexico to honor the fourth centenary of the founding of Guadalajara, Mexico's second largest city and the capital of the province of Jalisco. This city, called by many "the Pearl of the West," is the center of a wealthy agricultural region, a citadel of Catholicism, a city of ancient tradition with a landed aristocracy, and it is noted for its fine pottery, glassware, and other craft products. According

to history, Guadalajara was founded in 1530, so the present celebration is just a little bit late. All the stamps bear the dates "1542-1942."

The postage values are two-centavos dark-blue and violet-brown; five-centavos black and copper-red; and ten-centavos red-orange and ultramarine. On the two-centavos is an impressive monument similar to the Independence Monument in Mexico City. Upon the five-centavos is the façade of the Government Palace. This building was originally erected in 1543, but has been much remodelled. Hidalgo was said to have written part of the Declaration of Independence there. On the ten-centavos is a view of the city showing the twin spires of the great Cathedral, begun in 1571 and completed in 1618, which has been damaged many times by earthquakes and often reconstructed. It is noted for a famous painting by Murillo, the "Assumption of the Virgin."

The three air-post stamps are in horizontal format, the values being twenty-centavos green and black; forty-centavos olive-brown and olive-green; and one-peso red-violet and brown. In the central panel of the twenty-centavos is the magnificent Church of Saint Paul in Zapopan, which is near Guadalajara. On the forty-centavos is another great three-towered church of historic interest, the "Temple Del Santuario." The design of the one-peso shows the arms of the city and has the commemorative inscription.

Two new air-post stamps were issued several months ago in Egypt, but they are just now arriving in this country. The values are ten-millimes purple and thirty-millimes deep-green. They are color changes in the current bicolor series showing an airplane in flight over the Pyramids.

Three new stamps have come from Bulgaria, the designs of which suggest health and convalescence. The one-leva dark olive-green shows what might be a large sanitarium; on the two-leva red-orange, children are playing on a sandy shore; and on the five-leva dark-blue there are people reclining in deck chairs.

RULES FOR THE "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for the month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic on page 40 will receive a BOOK as a prize.

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many titles as she chooses, but please print the titles on separate slips of paper and include

with each title, on the same slip of paper, your name, address, age, and date. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed by June fifteenth. The winners will be announced in the August issue.

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do. She could run over to the Inn and see if Mr. Bassett, the proprietor, would take her to the Point in his car—there wouldn't be time to take the long walk down to the public garage in the village.

Aunt Marcia and the girls had crossed the meadow three times a day for meals at the Inn, so the narrow footpath was familiar ground. She ran along it, bag in hand, unmindful of the blue ragged sailors and lacy wild carrot nodding in the grass.

Tommy Bassett, the proprietor's small son, was sitting with his back to her in the Inn drive, making sand pies. "Where's your papa, Tommy?"

The little boy frowned at her. "Papa and Mama went to Cutty's Point in the car. They went to the movies, but they wouldn't take me."

Dilsey couldn't stop to sympathize. She poked her head into the kitchen, but there was no one about. And there were no guests relaxing on either lawn or piazza. Two or three empty cars were parked in the drive, but their owners were probably upstairs asleep, or down on the beach for an afternoon dip.

At that point Dilsey ceased to struggle. Walking around the side of the big white house to descend the front stone steps, between grassy terraces, to the main street, she turned her head and caught a fleeting backward glimpse of fat, good-natured Susie, laden to the chin with fresh towels and bed linen, making her way across the meadow toward the cottage. Preparing it for the new occupants, of course. She couldn't help resenting the sight a little. It made her feel so homeless and forsaken.

"Well, there's no use. I've missed the boat, but I know they won't go without me. When the bus comes back, they'll come, too. It passes the corner here, so I'll sit and wait. Oh, gosh, what'll Aunt Marcia say?" On a bench under a big tree she huddled down to wait.

But after what seemed an eternity of waiting, alarm and perplexity added themselves to her other troubles. For when the bus trundled back along the main street and bobbed around the corner, she could see that it carried no passengers.

"I know Aunt Marcia wouldn't go without me," she whimpered aloud. "I've only got two dollars and eighty-one cents. And I haven't any ticket. I couldn't get home. They must be waiting for me at Cutty's Point. I'd better stay here and take the bus when it goes back, and go straight to the pier. That's where they'll look for me."

On Dilsey's arrival at Cutty's Point, the pier seemed a confusing blur of color and

FIRE and WATER

motion. The later boat, of which Meg had spoken, was lying at the foot of the wharf against the blue water, and a jostling crowd of people were pushing toward it through the gates and inching up the gangplank. From their slacks and shorts and lunch boxes, many of them were undoubtedly day excursionists returning to New Bedford. Dilsey peered among them for some sign of Miss Merriam and Meg. The gilt ball which topped the boat's towering pilothouse glittered in the sun, and the rail of the main deck was already fringed with heads.

Slowly the white monster swallowed the crowd, draining the pier until it was empty save for the wharf hands and a few groups who had come to bid adieu to friends. "All ashore 'at's goin' ashore!" came the chanted cry from aboard the boat. The gangplank men stood at their stations, ready for the signal to pull in. Oh, where could Meg and Aunt Marcia be?

Suddenly she heard a shout from the deck above her. "Dill! Dill Mercer! Get aboard, for the love of mike!" It was Meg's voice, and as Dilsey looked up, she saw Meg herself on the deck. "Hurry," Meg shrieked, and leaning across the rail, pointed an imperious finger at the men who were just about to pull up the gangplank. "Hold it!" she shouted.

Dilsey needed no second prompting. Grasping her bag, she dashed over the plank and bolted for the cabin stairs. As she reached the top, a wheezy-throated gong clanged in the engine room, and with a sudden splutter of paddles, the great wheel began to churn the water.

"Oh, Dill," Meg cried, "where have you been? Aunt Marcia and I have walked our legs off hunting for you."

From somewhere Aunt Marcia appeared beside her. "Dilsey!" she cried, and her voice sounded quite unlike Aunt Marcia's usual firm tones. "My child, we've been worried to death about you."

"I missed the bus, Aunt Marcia," Dilsey faltered, bending her neck, as it were, to receive the stroke of the sword. "It was my own fault."

At the words, Aunt Marcia's color came back. "You missed the bus? Well, we can't blame you for that, dear. For Meg and I missed the boat ourselves."

"You missed the boat?" Dilsey's tone was incredulous. "You and Meg? Why, Aunt Marcia!"

"Yes, we missed the boat. You see, there's only one doctor in Cutty's Point, and when we reached his office he was out. So we waited interminably. Finally he appeared and relieved poor Meg of her cinder, but I will say he took his time. I didn't want to hurry him,

for I thought we had enough leeway to get to the pier. But when we arrived the boat was standing out in the Sound. My watch was slow. I set it this morning by the dining-room clock at the Inn, but the clock must have been wrong."

"Oh, Aunt Marcia! What did you do?"

"We hunted for you," Meg said dryly.

"I should say we hunted. We looked on the pier and inquired at the ticket window. Then I phoned the Inn. I got hold of Doris, our waitress. She seemed to be the only one about. She said you must have taken the bus, because Susie had just come from the cottage and had told her it was empty."

"And all the time I was sitting under that big tree at the Inn corner," Dilsey put in.

"Well, we scoured Cutty's Point," Aunt Marcia went on. "We looked in the park, and walked up and down the streets."

"We even went into most of the stores, Aunt Marcia," Meg put in. "Don't you remember?"

"We were getting frantic, Dilsey. We came back to the pier and found a young man who seemed to be in charge. He said he had seen you getting on that first boat—the one we missed. Said he remembered your red hair especially, and that you were wearing a plaid skirt, a blue sweater blouse, and a tan topcoat."

"So that's why we're here," Meg said, finishing the tale. "We thought you'd gone on to New Bedford. You might have forgotten we were to meet you on the pier, you know."

"But what about New York?" Dilsey questioned. "We've missed that boat, too, haven't we?"

Aunt Marcia nodded. "We'll have to stay in New Bedford and go down tomorrow night. However, that's the least of my worries, now that I've collected my family."

Suddenly she paused and looked Dilsey over. "Speaking of your topcoat, where is it? And you're not wearing your sweater."

"My topcoat's in my trunk, Aunt Marcia. I thought I wouldn't need it. And after you left, I put the sweater a little too near the fire. It—it burned up!"

"You burned up your sweater? Oh, Dilsey! But you had nothing else to wear. What did you do? What is that pink thing?"

Dilsey's head drooped. "The top of my nightgown. I tore the bottom off."

Aunt Marcia bit her lip. The twinkle came back into her hazel eyes, and a smile twitched at the corners of her mouth. She reached for her purse. "Well, dear, anyway 'united we stand.' Now don't you and Meg want to run around to the refreshment counter and get us each an ice-cream cone? I feel we need something to buck us up."

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who had not yet turned on our radios did not know the truth. It was probably a half hour afterwards that the radio announcer insisted we believe the truth, that Oahu was being attacked, and that the planes which were going down had the Rising Sun emblem on their wings.

All that morning, from my little apartment in a garden on Pacific Heights, I could see bursting bombs and subsequent fires. The radio was used to call out volunteers and put the wheels of organization into effect; instructions were given constantly, and people

BUGLES for HAWAII

and automobiles ordered to stay off the streets. It was a long, long day, but not half so long as was the night, for from sunset to sunrise we could have no lights. I spent the evening with a woman in another apartment in the same garden, and went up to my own place at ten o'clock. It was a strange feeling to go into a dark house. Needless to say there were few preparations made for the night and it was not long before I was under the covers. For several nights I slept in my clothes and even now have a flashlight (lens covered with blue) between the sheets with me.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

No longer do the lights of the city shine in downtown Honolulu like a huge birthday cake glittering with hundreds of candles; no longer are there ribbons of lights extending up the hillsides of Honolulu. Blackout rooms are necessary from 5:30 P.M. to 6:00 A.M. We speak of our blackrooms as proudly as of our most prized possessions. There is no social life at present in this most hospitable place, for once we are home we are there to stay, no cars being on the streets at night. Hotels and restaurants are serving dinners from 3:30 to 4:30 P.M. and theaters have

two performances, 12:00 noon and 2 P.M.

"Early to bed and early to rise," if true, will make thousands of people here wealthy and wise for we are keeping excellent hours. At 6:30 it seems bed time. Women here will be beautiful beyond words in the future, for everyone is getting her beauty sleep.

I was asked to help in Evacuation Headquarters, and I find the work very interesting and certainly essential. The offices are in the City Hall. It is a long way from Girl Scouting, but I am working with many of the people who are in social agencies.

Honolulu flower-loving people, who never had to look at billboards, are certainly viewing unaccustomed sights today. Public buildings are heavily barricaded, and uniformed sentries with bayonets stand as guards at each one. Beautiful lawns now have trenches, beside which are mounds of dirt; in an emergency they will serve as shelters from flying shrapnel.

Christmas Day in Hawaii was as though each one was saying, "Christmas shall live," for every effort was made to keep alive the familiar customs which we knew as children and which are being observed in Christian countries. There were few Christmas trees from the Northwest, but that did not prevent us from having trees; some took branches of trees and tied them together to resemble trees, others used their ingenuity. I had a five-foot potted croton carried into the house and, when decorated with bells and balls and lights, it was a good imitation of a Christmas tree in my blackout room, even though it did not have the fragrance of one.

(Signed) Edna Reese

☆

Honolulu, Hawaii December 16, 1941

The majority of leaders, being teachers, have been on duty in their own schools, where first-aid stations have been set up and where evacuees have been taken in. Many of the Girl Scout leaders have had the Red Cross first-aid courses and, if they are not teachers, are definitely assigned to units established throughout the city and county.

Other leaders have been on regular duty from the Girl Scout headquarters, preparing meals for Boy Scout leaders and older Scouts on twenty-four hour duty from our headquarters. (Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts occupy same building).

All Council members are engaged in some kind of emergency work, in addition to having evacuees in their own homes.

Girl Scouts have been called in to help in the following ways:

Helping in school areas where food is being served from cafeterias during the day to

soldiers and evacuees; Collecting bottles in their neighborhoods, washing them and removing labels, sending them to Girl Scout office. Bottles are to be kept in reserve for the blood bank and will be ready when a call comes—three thousand have been asked for, ranging from pints to quart sizes; Helping to look after children in schools where adults are on duty; Reporting individually to the Red Cross for rolling bandages. (All of us are knitting furiously.)

Scouts are also helping with the Community Service project of wrapping toys and filling candy bags to be given out for Christmas.

My one regret is that we did not have Senior Service Scouts highly organized a year ago. They could have played a very active part in this emergency from the beginning. I sincerely hope that on the Mainland this program is being pushed to the fullest extent, because it is tremendously important.

(Signed) Ruth McCulley

☆

Honolulu, Hawaii January 28, 1942

Naturally, for the first two weeks we were all very busy doing all sorts of things. Since then we have settled down—not to our regular routine, but to as normal a procedure as possible.

Some of our Scout troops have been meeting for the past few weeks—approximately fifteen of those in town. All our leaders, especially those who are teachers, have been busy with registration and finger-printing of every individual on the island. During this project, which was carried on by the schools, Girl Scouts helped in a number of ways—doing clerical work, helping in cafeterias, cooking, serving the workers, and helping with the dish washing. They served as messengers in their own schools and many of them took care of children while parents were being finger-printed. Scouts have been working in first-aid units, helping to make bandages. Many are knitting for the Red Cross, or reporting to Red Cross centers for bandaging, and in general are helping wherever needed. The things the Girl Scouts have been doing are in no way spectacular, but are necessary—and I feel that those Scouts who have been called upon to help have aided greatly in this emergency.

(Signed) Ruth McCulley

☆

Wailuku, Maui, Hawaii (No date)

Service Bureau

During the first few weeks of the war, Scouts of all ages collected sheets, infants'

wear, warm clothing, newspapers, and string wanted by the Red Cross.

Older Scouts assisted with clerical work and typing for the Office of Civil Defense sub-committees.

Brownies and younger Scouts made Christmas-tree ornaments for the Navy Base tree.

Intermediate and older Scouts scrubbed club rooms, dispensaries, etc. preparatory to their conversion into first-aid stations, or hospitals.

Some of our Seniors served as hospital assistants. Many of our girls are continuing their regular service in baby clinics and plantation dispensaries, and are going on with their knitting for the Red Cross. Some troops have two meetings a week—one for Red Cross work, one for Scout advancement.

The collection of bottles for the Plasma bank is the present project of many troops.

Senior Service Scouts

We had but eight Senior troops, and now one must be disbanded because their boarding school has been closed. Troop 3, Lahaina, started to work at 8 o'clock on the morning of December eighth. Health and safety seemed most important to them as they had previously spent a great deal of time on first aid. They persuaded Dr. Dunne of their local hospital to loan them Red Cross first aid books, and to allow one of the nurses, an A.R.C. first-aid instructor, to teach them. Once organized, they worked in squads from 7:30-11:30 each morning at the hospital, as assistants; met from 12:00 to 1:00 for Red Cross knitting; and from 1:00 to 3:00 for first aid. By the time schools re-opened on January twelfth, they had earned either the Junior or Standard First-Aid certificate, and had been assigned to Emergency First-Aid Stations for duty.

In addition they are planning a playlet to present for the U.S.O.

Troop 32, Wailuku, is being organized as a Utility Squadron. In the first weeks of the war they worked seven hours a day, six days a week, assisting me with clerical work and typing for the Evacuation Program. They will presently be assigned to Field Canteens (mobile) for service.

Other Senior troops are working on signaling (we are perhaps more aware of its value now than formerly) and on first aid. We are short of instructors temporarily because we all agreed to teach only standard courses until the rush was over. Of the twenty-two certified instructors at the beginning of the war, seven were Girl Scout people, but we have now lost two. Individual girls are also assigned to first-aid stations and evacuation centers, for child care and food service.

(Signed) Henrietta McCaustland

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—NILS HOGNER

Nils Hogner was born in Massachusetts. Like so many artists, he has been interested in drawing and painting since he was a boy. Because of this interest, he became a pupil at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and some time later studied at the Boston School of Painting. In pursuit of further training, he made several trips abroad, spending much time in Denmark and Sweden.

During the World War, Mr. Hogner served in the A. E. F. After he was mustered out of the Army, he became an instructor at the Boston School of Painting. Later he taught portrait and landscape painting at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque.

The artist's wife is Dorothy Childs Hogner, author of many

children's books, as well as the series of articles on the National Parks printed in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Mr. Hogner has illustrated all his wife's books and a number of other stories for young people.

Nils Hogner's first enthusiasm is painting portraits. His murals are mainly farm scenes such as this month's frontispiece, based on a wealth of material gathered in trips all over North America. Nothing pleases the Hogners more than to set out with painting materials and camping equipment for a long trek by car across country. Studying the habits of animals, reptiles, and insects has always been Mr. Hogner's hobby, and out of it has grown *The Animal Book* by Nils and Dorothy Hogner, just published by the Oxford University Press.—M.C.



"My Country, 'tis of Thee" - theme of the July AMERICAN GIRL

★ Here is the July cover—at the left—in miniature! It's without the red, white, and blue color scheme that makes it so effective, but it is a pretty good tip-off about the contents of the July AMERICAN GIRL.

★ "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Those impassioned words have echoed in the hearts of countless men who have had the courage to withstand oppression. Patrick Henry uttered them in the House of Burgesses in Williamsburg, Virginia, in March, 1775. Williamsburg today, since the restoration of that celebrated town, has become the Mecca for Americans who wish to feel again the noble spirit of their country's past. Anne Farrell, in **Williamsburg—Symbol of Liberty**, tells about the past and present of the famous former capital of Virginia.

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

★ **RANDOLPH BARTLETT**, who tells about catering to the animals at the Zoo on page 5, is a Canadian by birth, but has been a naturalized American since 1910. Newspaper work and the moving picture business have been his two chief occupations. They have taken him to every State in the Union, to Mexico, and all over Western Europe. At present Mr. Bartlett is on the staff of the *New York Sun*. His hobbies are cooking and digging up interesting facts on little known subjects.

★ **MERLE REED**, the artist who so delightfully depicts Bobo Witherspoon on page 8, lives in Connecticut with his wife and small son and daughter. When first beginning his art career in New York, he admits that it was hard to sell his drawings but easy to find work posing for other artists and playing nights in society bands! Since those days his illustrations have appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, *Pictorial Review*, *This Week*, and other magazines and newspapers. . . . ★ **ELLA WILSON HILL**, who tells about "God's Greenhouse" on page 11, has lived in Mexico City and Alaska, but is now a resident of California. She has written for many newspapers and magazines and is at present editor of the *Alaska-Yukon Sourdough News*—"a very tiny paper," she says. When living in Alaska her enthusiasms were dog driving and skiing. Now that she's a Californian, she's switched to golf.

★ **MIRIAM E. MASON**, author of "The Graduation Plaque," on page 14, is an Indianian by birth and preference. She has published nearly three hundred short stories and many books for children, the most recent of which is "Susannah, the Pioneer Cow," published by Macmillan. During her career she has been a teacher, an advertising copywriter, assistant manager of circulation on a farm paper, editor in a textbook publishing house, and a professional welfare worker. Among her activities today is that of local council member of the Girl Scouts of her community. . . . ★ **WINIFRED GRAHAM HAMMOND** lives in Hawaii, where she is correspondent for *Science Service* and *Science News Letter*. She was on the spot on December 7th, and gives us first-hand observations in "Bugles for Hawaii," page 17.

★ Debby had no thought of spies against her country, that fine autumn morning when she set out for a horseback ride, or that she would aid in apprehending them. You'll like this exciting present-day story, **Riding Lucy Lee**, by Elizabeth Coatsworth.

★ A girl's speaking voice is often a clue to the kind of person she is. **Your Voice and You**, by Helen Grigsby Doss, explains why a pleasing voice is so important and suggests ways in which you may improve your own voice and speech.

★ Ginger and her brother Peter had an enemy in Johnny Catfish—an enemy who stayed within the law in cheating them out of the herring catch that would pay Peter's medical school expenses. How Ginger and her friend Mike outwitted the unscrupulous fisherman is told by Ruth Moore in her first story for THE AMERICAN GIRL, **Pennies in the Water**.

★ Also: A stirring patriotic poem, **Minute Man—1775** by Jane Darrow; an article on wild-bird photography by H. H. Sheldon; an Indian creation legend by Julia Seton; a page of patterns for summer fashions; Girl Scout features; and book reviews.



Minute Maids of 1942 urge Girl Scouts, friends, and neighbors to BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY. These two Senior Service Scouts, Marjorie Smith and Jean Beattie of Washington, D. C., were photographed at a Girl Scout pageant presented in Constitution Hall



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